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FEBRUARY, 1954
TWO SHILLINGS

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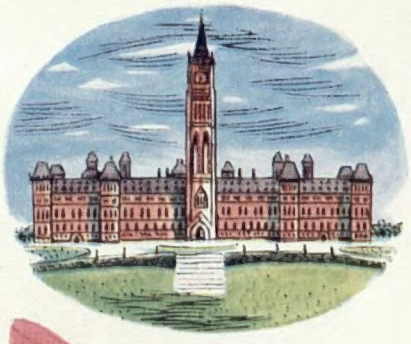

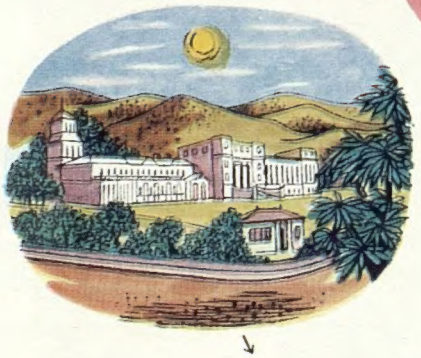

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# BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 48 No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1954



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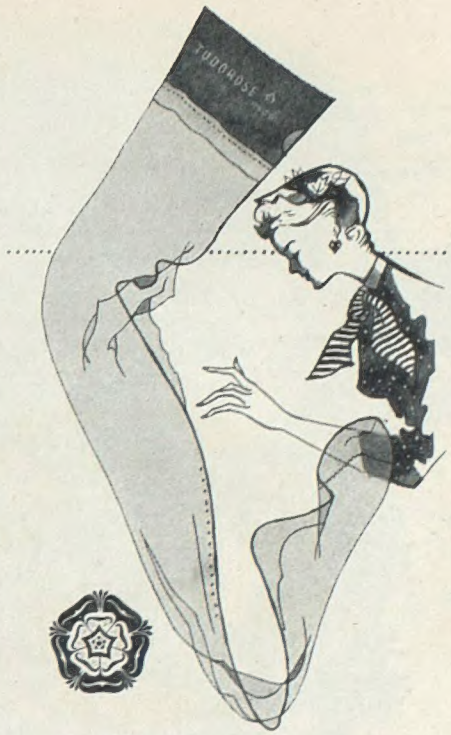

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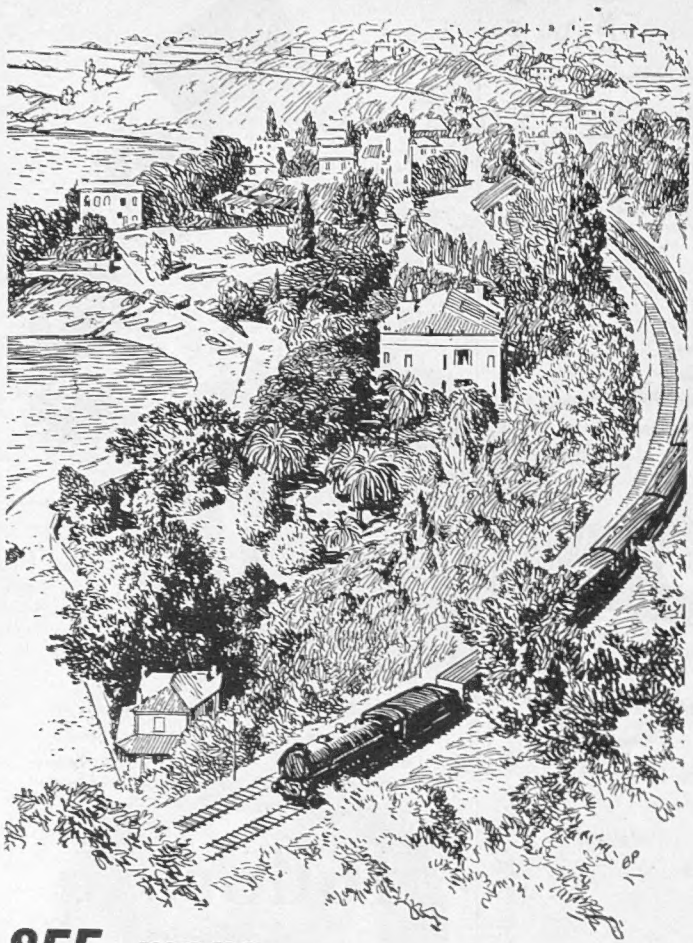

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CVS–86

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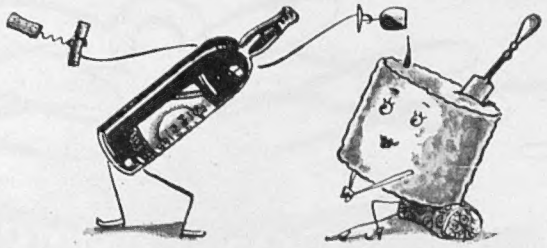

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**Comb** (comb)
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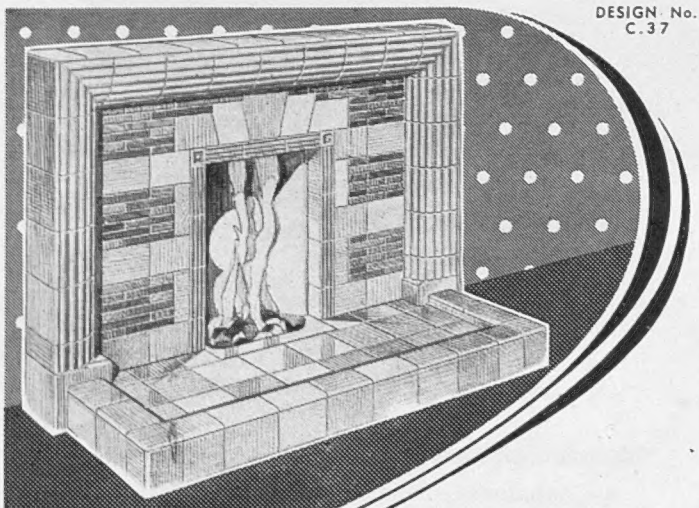

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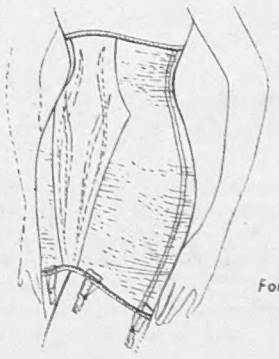

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Zephyr 6

Hat and Suit by Ronald Paterson

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Even in the middle of an argument they would stop and kiss. "Of all the stubborn "—kiss—" opinionated "—kiss . . .

# *We're thinking only of* JOAN

by WILLIAM COLE

*Illustrations by SAWYER*

I RAN into Joan Foster's parents the other night. I was in town with some people from the store, looking over the new spring lines, and I saw them at the theatre, just before the curtain went up, sitting a few rows ahead. I got up and started toward them—suddenly I had a lump in my throat; I wanted to know what had happened to Joan—but before I took two steps, the lights went down, the orchestra struck up, and I had to sit down again and wait my time.

It wasn't a bad show, but, I don't know, I couldn't get interested in it. Several times during the first act I looked over at the Fosters. They hadn't changed a bit in the two, three years since I had seen them last. The same round, kindly faces. The same greying hair and glasses. Seeing them there, you would have taken them for a nice average middle-aged couple. Typical British parents, you might have thought.

The last thing that would have entered your mind, the very last thing, was that they were capable of doing a great wrong. . . .

I first met the Fosters through their daughter, Joan. Let me tell you a little about that girl. Joan was a fashion artist and she worked for me when I was advertising and promotion manager for A. and B. of London. You know A. and B. Oxford Street: Coats, blouses; everything for the woman. Joan did the sketches for our circulars and newspaper ads. Pretty good illustrator, too. She could make those five-guinea efforts look like models.

She was about twenty-three—twenty-four, I 'd say—thin, too thin, about a size 34, I would say, and even then you 'd have to take it in at the seams. She wasn't what you 'd call a beautiful girl. Nice hair and eyes, nice legs;

the rest was just so-so. Let me tell you a little, though, about that girl. She was the kind of girl who 'd be walking along the road and she 'd see a peddler, and she 'd buy something from that peddler, something she couldn't use. And why did she buy it ? Because, as she said, he looked as if he needed the sale. She was the kind of girl who worried about the lift boy who lost his wages on a dead cert, the stock girl whose brother was wanted for a smash-and-grab, old Mrs. O'Shaughnessey, up in Alterations, who was the only one in the store who didn't know what her X-rays really showed.

Trouble, trouble—everybody's and anybody's. If you didn't have a friend in the world to take it to, you could always take it to Joan.

She was very happy herself. She and her husband, Michael, were the happiest young couple I 've ever known. Mike was a handsome young fellow, tall and dark, with those hollow cheeks and big, serious eyes—you know, the kind that drive women wild. They lived in a small flat in Chelsea. I used to go down there pretty often, especially the winter after my wife, Harriet, died. I remember how I 'd stay in the office after hours, not wanting to go anywhere, not wanting to do anything, just sit there, sit there, until finally Joan would come in and switch off the lights.

" All right, Al," she 'd say. " School's finished."

" You go ahead, Joan. I 'm not hungry and I 've got some work to finish." I 'd turn on the lights and she 'd turn them off again.

" Al." If she could only have borne it for me ! " We've got this enormous roast. And Mike wants to try his new song on you."

YOU couldn't argue with her. I 'd go down there and have a drink or two with them, and we 'd listen to some records—they had a wonderful collection—and Mike would play his new song for me—he was trying his hand at song-writing then—and, I don't know, after a while the knot inside me would loosen and I 'd find myself stowing away a whale of a meal. Could that Joan cook ! Second only to Harriet. Sometimes I 'd take them out for an evening, to one of the places where they could hear the kind of music they were both crazy about, but most of the time we just stayed at home.

It was good to be with them. They were so much in love, those two, that a little couldn't help spilling over. They held hands all the time, like a couple of kids. They couldn't seem to keep from touching each other. If Michael got up, say, to turn on the radio, he would go around behind Joan's chair and run a finger across her cheek ; then, on his way back, he would snip her ear. Even in the middle of an argument they would stop and kiss. " Just try to tell *you* something ! Of all the stubborn "—kiss—" opinionated "—kiss. " Oh, I 'm stubborn ? I 'm opinionated ? " Kiss. " Will you *please* look who 's talking ? "

" What can I do ? " he said, " Why don't you console her ? " I was talking to someone I no longer knew.

A few times, while I was down there, Mr. and Mrs. Foster dropped in. " We tried to get into the pictures, but the queue was too long," they 'd say, stopping each flight to rest, as they came up the stairs. " Mummy ! Dad ! My favourite visitors ! " Joan was naturally delighted to see them. And Mike did everything he could to please.

" Dad, sit over here, it 's more comfortable," he 'd say. " We have better entertainment than the pictures. And refreshments, besides. Can I get you something ? A glass of beer ? "

" No, thank you, Mike."

" Mother, a shandy ? "

" No, thank you, Mike."

No, thank you, Mike. Never once, to my memory, except for a glass of water, did they accept anything from him. They were nice about it ; don't misunderstand me ; they were nice people and they had nothing personal against Mike. Not at the time. But as a son-in-law, it was plain, they didn't approve of him.

In a way, I suppose, you couldn't blame them so much. Joan was their only child ; they were terribly attached to her. And they couldn't,

for the life of them, understand how her husband, a young, healthy fellow, could let her work hard all day, while he sat around, dabbling in this and in that, and not, for eighteen months, bringing a single penny into the house.

It was true that, since he had got out of the Army, Mike hadn't had a paying job. He had tried for a while to get on the stage as an actor, and then on radio, and then he had written half of a detective novel, and now he was writing songs—all without earning a bean. True enough. Joan, however, didn't care a hoot.

"I 'm making more than we need," she once told me. "Mike had a rough time in the Army. I want him to go slowly, to find himself, to try everything he 's ever set his heart on. If he takes a job, any job, just to have a job, just to bring home a few miserable pounds every week, he 'll be unhappy, or even worse, bored in it, and I don't want that. I don't want that for Mike."

Her eyes—those really beautiful eyes—you ought to have seen them when she talked about Mike.

She must have explained this to her parents. I can well imagine what they said. Mike wasn't the only one who had been in the Army. Eighteen months? wasn't that long enough?—he could spend the rest of his life "finding himself." Like most parents—like most people—they believed that it was up to the man to support the family. Considering everything, I can appreciate their point of view.

JOAN may or may not have appreciated it; she certainly didn't agree. On this matter they could get nowhere with her. And if they tried, in any way, shape or manner to bring it to Mike's attention, she came zooming, like a jet-fighter, right in.

Like on one of those nights when I was there:

"How 's the song-writing business, Mike?" Mr. Foster asked.

" Not so good."

" I was reading a piece in *The Times*," Mr. Foster said. " About song-writers. About how it 's so difficult, practically impossible, for a newcomer to break in. Out of eighty - some - odd- thousand songs, it said only . . ."

" Beans Billings is wild about one of Mike's numbers," Joan said.

" Beans Billings ? He a publisher ? "

" An artist, daddy. A truly fine artist. He plays the drums at The Rendezvous."

" Oh. Well, this piece was in *The Times* dramatic section, and they should know. Out of eighty-some-odd thousand songs . . ."

" DAD, come on." Joan pulled him out of the chair. " You and I, against Mother and Al, in Canasta. We 'll beat them hollow."

And a little later, Mrs. Foster, in the middle of the game.

" Joan, you remember Harold Reader ? The boy who married your cousin Gwen ? "

" Vaguely. Had adenoids and a very low I.Q."

" Low I.Q. is right. Could never get past first year high school. Well, what do you think ? He 's been made vice-chairman of a large group of chain stores. Bought a house in the country, and a new car, and, for Gwen, well, the most beautiful fur . . ."

" Mother, if you 're going to meld, *meld* ! "

". . . . coat. Ranch mink. Next week they 're going to Bermuda . . ."

" Gwen can wear her coat there. On the beach." Joan looked hard at her mother, and Mrs. Foster played her cards. But the effect hadn't been lost on Mike. He had been looking down at his hands, examining them as though there was something wrong with them ; now he got up and, without a word, started for the door. Joan asked him twice where he was going before he said : " Just down for the paper."

" Bring some milk," Joan said. (*Continued on page* 66.)

They had a snapshot Joan had sent them. " You wouldn't have heard, I suppose," Mr. Foster said.

*The men and women who face the television public are learning that the TV camera demands a new set of values*

# TELEVISION'S PERSONALITY PROBLEM

*by*

*C.A. LEJEUNE*

SOME time ago, when Barbara Kelly disappeared from our television screens for a while, and went to work in America, such a wail of protest went up from viewers that the B.B.C. was quickly forced to bring her back again. Thousands of people felt they had lost a personal friend. What was the reason for it? Miss Kelly is no tearing beauty. On the cinema screen she has never been more than a moderate success. But on the home screen she is an eagerly expected and warmly welcome guest. What is her secret? A lively face and a quick sense of fun; good temper and a manner that sets us at our ease. In short, a television personality.

TV personality is a quality easy to talk about, extremely difficult to define. If the B.B.C. could put an unerring finger on it, there would be fewer blunders in the programmes. Goodness knows the chaps have tried. They give auditions and camera tests to hundreds of applicants each week: actors, variety artists, speakers, singers, and would-be announcers.

Contrary to popular belief, the B.B.C. is not a closed shop. Its scouts take infinite trouble to find new talent. No programme goes out on the air without being scrupulously watched by executives and heads of departments. There are monitor sets in every major office at Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove, and from the moment the Children's Programme goes on the air to the closing announcement for the night these sets are tuned in, ready to catch the first signs of promise from a fresh personality.

WITH so many hours of air-time to be filled, and so few proven TV entertainers available, the B.B.C. is bound to make a number of mistakes. But to its credit it must be said that very rarely indeed does it let a hopeful prospect slip. A girl, a man, even an ancient of days, who makes some clear mark in a broadcast, is certain to be asked again. Shirley Abicair had only to make a single appearance at the Nuffield Centre with her zither, to be recalled and turned into a television star, with her own "spot" and her own tremendous public. Lady Barnett had merely to sparkle and stand out from her colleagues at one Town Forum, and she was chosen for the panel of *What's My Line?*

Veteran Bransby Williams thought he had said goodbye to the boards for ever, when a few short minutes of his incomparable mimicry and reminiscence made him a regular star again. John Slater told a story in a single variety show, with a cockney accent, a cheery personal greeting, and a handkerchief rakishly knotted under one ear, and he has been telling cockney stories ever since.

Sometimes, it must be admitted, (*Continued on page* 60)

## THE QUESTIONS THEY ASK:

*What makes one person a "hit" on television and others just "also rans"?*

IN a word: Personality. Star performers frequently arouse violent emotions in viewers. They may be idolized—or hated. But they simply cannot be overlooked or ignored.

*How are TV announcers chosen, and what factors influence the choice?*

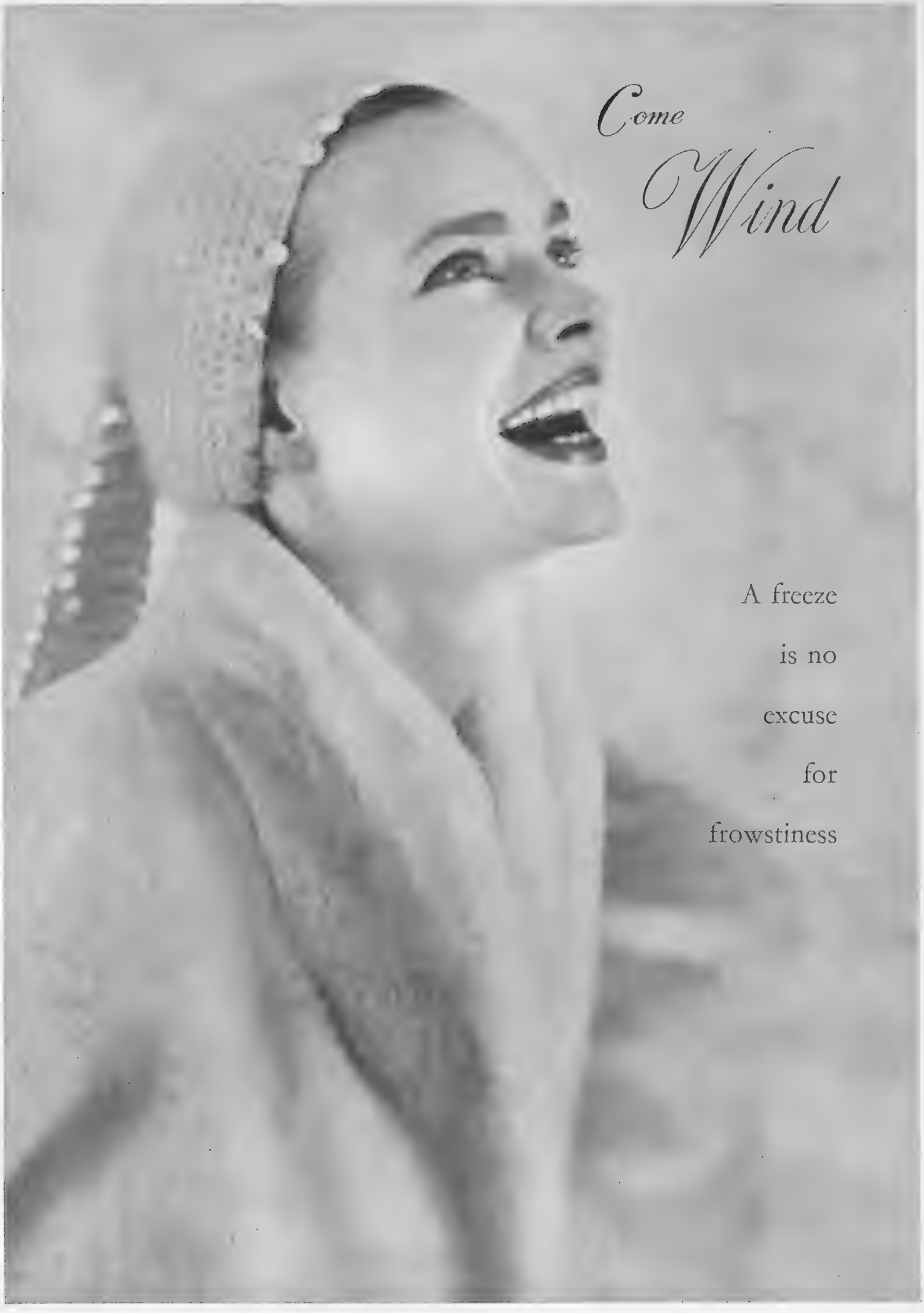
AUDITIONS and camera tests by the hundred. One of the secrets of the successful announcer is the ability to enter easily and comfortably into other people's homes, just like any other friend who has dropped in for a talk. Other factors: voice, a good memory, sincerity, poise.

*Sometimes a popular TV personality seems to strike the wrong note. Is this the fault of the person concerned or are there other reasons for it?*

IT must be admitted that television does overwork its favourites on occasion. A man may be a wonderful member of, say, a reporting team, but just does not click in lighter forms of entertainment or as a "straight" actor.

*Are good looks a key to success in TV?*

NOT necessarily. Unusually good looks may even be an embarrassment, not an advantage, in an announcer.


Come
Wind
A freeze
is no
excuse
for
frowstiness

# *or Weather*

By ANN PRICE

NOT the least shattering thing about feeling cold is the knowledge that one's appearance strikes a note between a bundle of washing and a woolly bear. How to be chic and cosy at the same time? That is the question. A blue nose is fatal to morale but warmth should never have to pay the penalty of frowstiness.

When the east winds blow look around at your fellow women. There goes a woman who can look elegant even in the snow and radiantly unaware of the temperature. And there goes a shambling bundle of clothes with scarcely any of her person showing except her face, which plainly says "I feel terrible and I look terrible. So what?" If you are a frozen mortal this could be you.

To be chic and cosy at the same time is not impossible, It is just a question of not letting things slide just because your feet are frozen and of using your dress sense even more than you use it in the summer.

A wardrobe well chosen in the first place will never produce the woolly-bear look because it won't include the clothes that achieve this effect.

For instance, the short and plump will never choose full-skirted dresses if they are going to top it off with a short jacket (not even a good fur one) and chunky, fur-topped boots. Thus attired the short woman gives the impression of a small tent supported on two little pillars.

SIMPLE outlines are the ones for the plump and five-foot-two—the fabric can still be warm—with pleated or straight skirts, small hats (no dowdy headscarves please, whatever the weather) full-length fitted or straight-hanging coats and neat, streamlined boots or the cosy, wool-lined shoes which are indistinguishable from other good walking shoes. If it must be boots, the kind that curve down towards the front of the instep are best. These give length and slenderize the leg.

The very short should take advantage of it and go for the "petite look." Fitted coats, snug head-hugging wool hats, warmly lined gloves but *no* gauntlets. Monster gloves are not necessarily warmer than those that just meet your cuffs.

Tall women have their own problems. They, too, should beware the temptation to throw short jackets over even slightly flared skirts. With inches to spare, jackets, either cloth or fur ones, should be worn with a stem-straight skirt. Full, loose coats are becoming as well as cosy to the woman with the inches, and the long-haired surfaces which are so (*Continued on page* 61)

*Illustrations by SIGRID*

# *The* Time of Roses

By STELLA GIBBONS

*Illustrations by* KOOLMAN

"HALLO."

"Hal-lo!"

A pause, while the two young men, one elegant in Neo-Edwardian drainpipe trousers and short overcoat, the other too confident in his own brilliance to trouble about elegance, exchanged surprised greetings. Then they exchanged slightly wry smiles. The wryness was slight because they were now so successful (I had recognized both from photographs in the press) that they could afford to drop the open rudeness which, early in their careers, had terrified people into giving them introductions, meals and jobs. If I had not been watching them closely, I should not have seen what they thought of my old acquaintance Mrs. Floyd's party.

"How did you get here?"

"Bus, Tube, bus, and a ten-minute sweat up a damned great hill. How did you?"

"Taxi. But I didn't mean that. The man lost his way."

"I'm not surprised."

They looked, with slightly more open superciliousness, round the room.

"I say, this isn't at all bad," said the dandy, sipping with retrospective surprise, "what does she put in it?"

"Herbs off the Heath, probably."

Another pause. . . . I could have been described as *the woman in the grey hat, sitting on the sofa.* I had taken trouble with my appearance, because Mrs. Floyd likes her women guests to "dress" her parties (although most of them are too old, and too poor, to do so, either to please her or their own vanity). But the young crysta eyes of the dandy and the brilliant boy swept over me with less attention than they were giving to the wallpaper.

"Great god . . . peacock-blue walls and black walnut furniture," said the latter pensively. "Is that fringe, or cobweb, on that lampshade? (No, not *there*, dear—over there in that corner, where Something is sticking to the armchair . . . oh . . . it's *alive*.) And—do you see what I see? Pouffes. *With* tassels."

"It's like the décor for *The Madwoman Of Chaillot.*"

"It's pure Cocteau."

Both took freshly filled glasses, at this point, from a tray being slowly carried past them by one of my hostess's Old Faithfuls. She muttered something to the dandy as she paused before him, and he, to my surprise, smiled and said something in reply.

"*What* was that?" The brilliant one pounced, delighted to relieve the tedium with a little malice. "*Good afternoon, Mr. Roger?* Don't tell me you're a *frequent visitor* here?"

"Not 'frequent.' But Mrs. F. knows my mother. They chased lacrosse balls together at the same school about forty years ago."

"That can't be why you're here?"

"No, it isn't. But why are you?"

"Me? Oh, it's too long a story, but it seems that some time between-the-wars Mrs. F. wrote a best-seller, and there has been talk of filming it."

"With you to do the adapting?"

"Exactly. She cashed in on that, and invited me, and I couldn't get out of it. . . . (*Continued on page* 14)

He was caught up in the love of a life-time

and all the while the roses

were coming into bloom

"There was a lady coming down the terrace towards me, under the lattice roof with its covering of climbing roses"

**The Time of Roses** (*Continued*)

And now, dear, why are you here?"

"They must be hard up for scripts."

"They are. *And now, dear, why are you here?*"

"Not to adapt anything," said the dandy, and he smiled, quite unsuperciliously, and then I saw Mrs. Floyd's niece, Sybil, who looks like an intelligent lotus flower, crossing the lofty, crowded drawing-room.

THE dandy waved to her, and she came over and joined them, and he presented his friend. Then the three tall young creatures stood in a circle, each slowly turning a silken head poised upon a smooth neck to look round the room, and their faces were alight with inward laughter.

"Now," said the brilliant young man to the girl, "you can tell me who everybody is. Who, for a start, is

"She was the youngest sister of the King"

*that*? (No, of course I can't point.) The one wearing the balaclava, who appears about to raise the siege of Stalingrad at any minute?"

"That's old Miss Hayes. She suffers with her ears. . . ."

"You need not say 'old' each time, dear; we will take that as read. And the one with the twitch?"

"Sir Arthur Vernon. Have you read his poems: 'From An Ancient Lute'?"

"I have not. I read no one's poetry but my own. And the sprightly floozie in the sky-blue pill-box?"

"Dorothea Lennox. She writes children's stories."

"Then most of those present, I take it, 'do' something? Write or paint or (God help us) act?"

"Most of Great Aunt's friends do. But there are one or two of them here, of course, who don't do anything, except just ——"

"Live?" His eyes smiled at her, under the sweep of hair concealing half his high, white forehead. "But how many of them do that? Just look round, dears; just take a long, sober, reflective look about you, and answer me, frankly and thoughtfully. Is there anyone here this afternoon (ourselves, of course, excepted) who is alive?"

Perhaps the triumph in his tone was a little too strident for them to accept; at least, the smile slowly, doubtfully, faded from the girl's pink oval face, while the other young man let his head droop until he stared down at the dim indigo pattern of the Persian carpet on which they stood, and neither answered. To me, his tone was extremely cruel, but then I was on the other side of the fence between youth and age; only just over, yet irrevocably so; and I saw twitches, and ear trouble, and sky-blue hats (*Continued on page* 62)

# Use your

By

A LEADING OPTICIAN

WITH more and more people taking to wearing spectacles, it would seem that this generation's sight is failing at an earlier age than formerly. Is there any known reason why this should be so?

We put this question to a leading optician and his answer was "Yes." The stresses and strains of modern life are largely responsible for sight defects appearing earlier in life than they normally should. We are not using our eyes as they should be used in the literal sense of the word. Our eyes are growing lazy, and the penalty of "lazy looking" is sooner or later, some kind of bad eyesight.

Too many modern activities encourage what he describes as "funnel vision." This is a close, rigid concentration on one object, with the eyes fixed and with little variation of focus for long stretches at a time. This occurs in some degree with reading and any kind of close work, but worst of all at the movies or—that old bogey—the television session.

But *is* television a menace to eyesight?

The expert has to admit that it is. But being a realistic sort of man, and not a fanatic, he takes the line that

# *EYES . . . .*

*More seeing, rather than less, seems to be the answer to better vision, in this age when defects of sight are becoming a commonplace*

television is here, as a strong social force and no realist can, or would, minimize its value. All that can be done, for the sake of our eyes, is to take sensible precautions against its effects on the sight.

The practical line to take is to deliberately cultivate "peripheral vision" as an antidote to "funnel vision." That means seeing and observing with the full flexibility of the eyes. Whereas one is tempted, when looking at a movie or a television screen, to concentrate on one focal spot (and a brightly glaring one at that), a deliberate effort should be made to take in the whole of the field of vision, including all the details at the periphery of the screen, as well as the main central object. Look all over the screen, not at one fixed point. Make a habit of glancing away occasionally to alter the focus and so flex the strained eye muscles. Test yourself to see whether you have been "funnel viewing". You can do this by closing your eyes for a second and visualizing the screen in your mind's eye. Can you fill in the corners as well as the main scene? What is going on in the top left hand corner, or in the middle distance? If you can fill in the whole picture, then you have been moving your eyes over the screen as you should; keeping the eyes mobile.

But why should this mobility of vision be so important to good sight? Because, says the expert, in nature, and this is specially true of the sight mechanism, atrophy follows sustained immobility. The more the eyes are worked, as against strained, the better they will see.

"In fact," he declares, "I believe that eye exercises can postpone the changes in vision which always occur in the middle years of life. There are exercises which help, first consciously then automatically, to arrest the development of common faults of vision."

What about reading in bed?

To go to bed early enough, before the body has reached the over-tired stage, to read, far from being bad, can be good, particularly if it is to induce sleep or just for recreation. But there are things you must not do if you are not to strain the eyes.

Don't lie with your head pushed forward, for this causes constriction of the cervical muscles of the neck, restricts the blood supply to the eyes and impairs the functions of the retina and the muscles around and in the eyes concerned with focusing. Sit yourself up in bed, comfortably supported with a back rest and pillows.

Hold your book squarely before your eyes. If not, one focus will be longer than the other, giving an unequal pull on the muscles which turn the eye.

*Spectacles by Stanley Unger, F.B.O.A.*

WITH the advancing years, sight naturally becomes shorter. Long sight in early life may mean spectacles for a time. Short sight in adolescence may mean the permanent wearing of glasses. Normal sight may demand spectacles only for close work after middle age.

But if for some reason you must wear spectacles, don't be dismayed. Spectacles have recently emerged Cinderella-like (probably from necessity with something like eleven million women wearing them) with a plus-fashion character. Established defects of sight must be corrected with the right spectacles. It is risky not to do otherwise. Neglect may easily aggravate minor eye troubles into major ones.

Fortunately, spectacle frames can now be considered as smart fashion accessories. They have progressed far beyond the decorated variety which was concerned only with the front view. The best are now designed on aesthetic as well as scientific principles, and give an attractive profile view by conforming to the lines of cheek, ear and forehead. The shaping of the side-pieces into a sinuous curve, not only looks attractive, but facilitates the correct angling of the lenses to the line of sight.

All this is reassuring for the woman who up till now has not worn spectacles for the sake of appearances. Modern spectacles can make the beautiful face more beautiful, and give to plain features an attractive charm.

# Beware — *Man at Work!*

By NICHOLAS HARDING

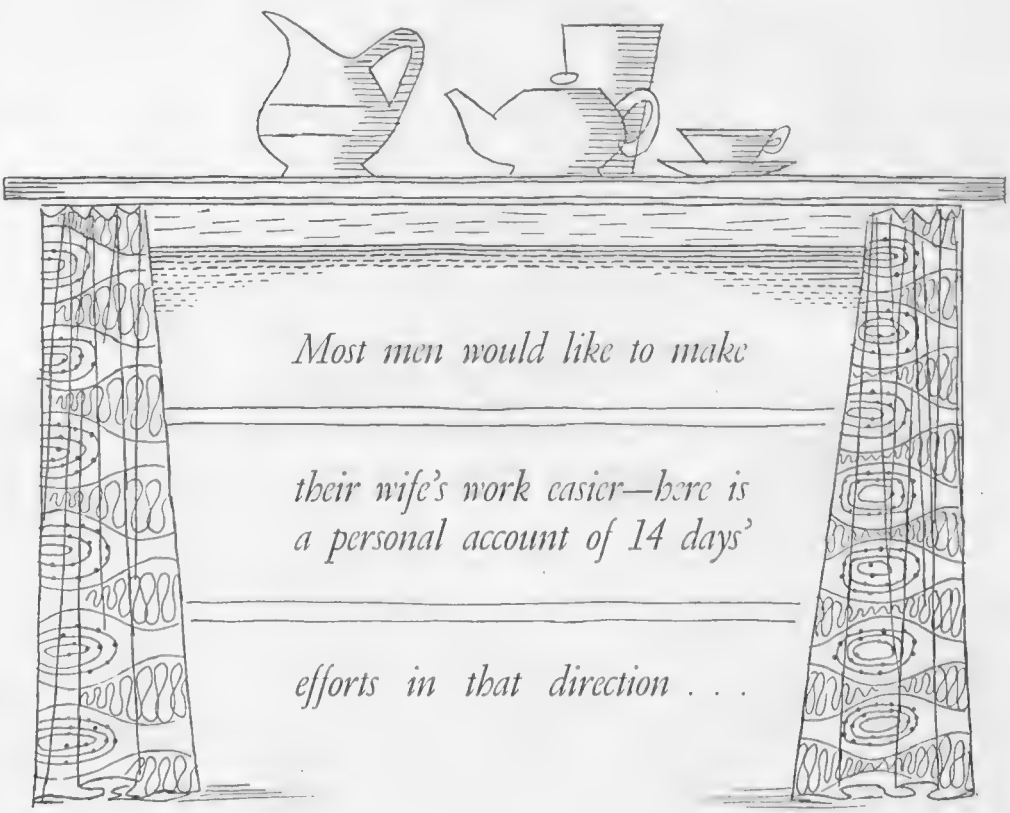
*Illustrations by RAY TOOBY*

MAN'S attempts to revolutionize his wife's activities in the home have nearly always met with a doubtful reception. Either he is patronizing about it and offends her before he starts, or else he is so darned efficient and scientific that she can't recognize her kitchen as her own any longer; and the gleaming, impressive appliances her husband could ill afford remain silent and hostile while she creeps round them with her favourite batter spoon and the burnt old coffee saucepan.

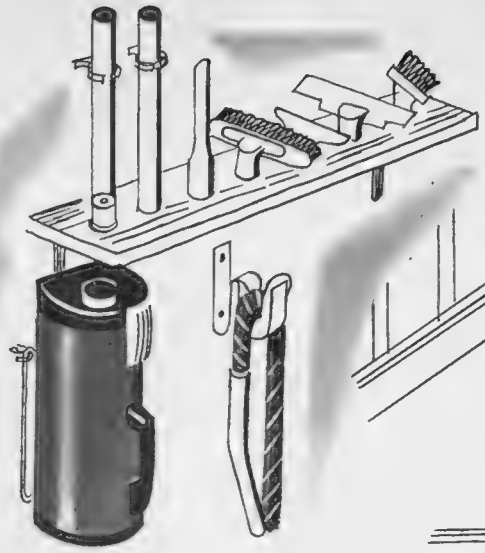
Still, for ourselves, we do sometimes admit our organization is not all it might be—usually when we're spinning round like a top in our cluttered kitchen with five unexpected guests sitting gloomily drinking sherry while we try to coax a meal out of left-overs.

So when we met Nicholas Harding and saw some of the ideas he had happily and unobtrusively introduced into his home, we thought you would like to hear about them. He said: "By and large, I don't think I am a menace in the home. I mean, I keep my critical faculties for my work and recognize my wife as expert in her own sphere—the home. However, a fortnight at home unexpectedly with nothing to do except get in my wife's way or watch the rain pouring down outside, made me think that perhaps my own experience in applying the principles of time and motion study to a works might conceivably be adapted to help her in the home. After all, I married a wife, not a mechanic. . . ."

**Saturday.**—Late down, I confess, to meet my wife by the "cupboard under the stairs." She, on hands and knees, was endeavouring to drag out the vacuum cleaner from under a



Here is an easily-made rack for storing your vacuum cleaner pieces tidily



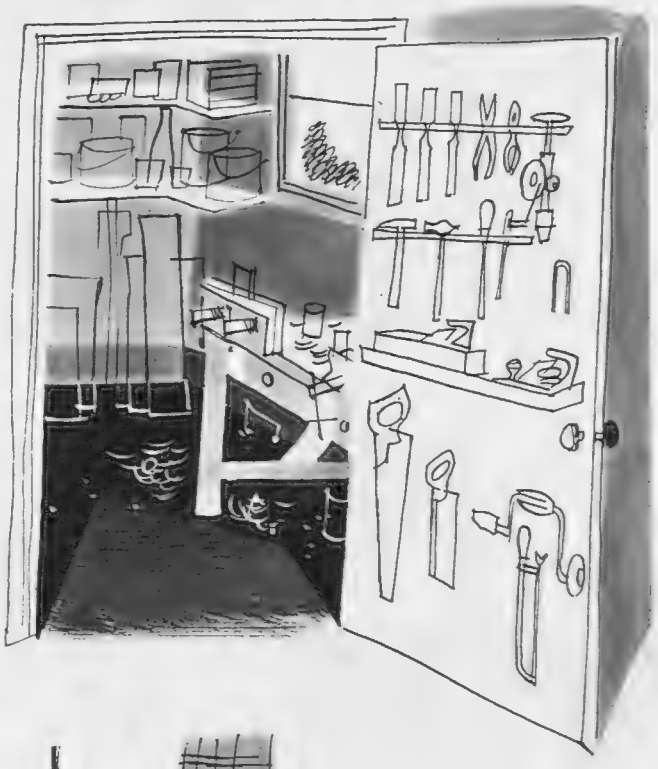
tangled welter of brooms, old clothes, a doll's pram, hockey sticks, cricket bats, picture frames and what-have-you. Recognise that all cupboards under the stairs usually present this appearance—also that there 's precious little space elsewhere to store our vacuum-cleaner.

Still, it does seem an unnecessary test of temper and waste of time to repeat this performance. Strikes me that the inside of the door offers possibilities. Realise my wife is in no shape to discuss problems like the storage of household equipment at the moment, so steal out to my workshop.

Gather together : a short length of timber about 2 ft. 6 ins. by 1 in. by 3 ins., some cotton reels, tool-clips, a short piece of strip-iron, a piece of sponge rubber, glue, screws and Rawlplugs, two biggish cup-hooks, sundry old brackets and tools ; sketch out a rack for holding the component parts of our vacuum cleaner (which is of the cylinder type). My wife departed on an errand, set to work.

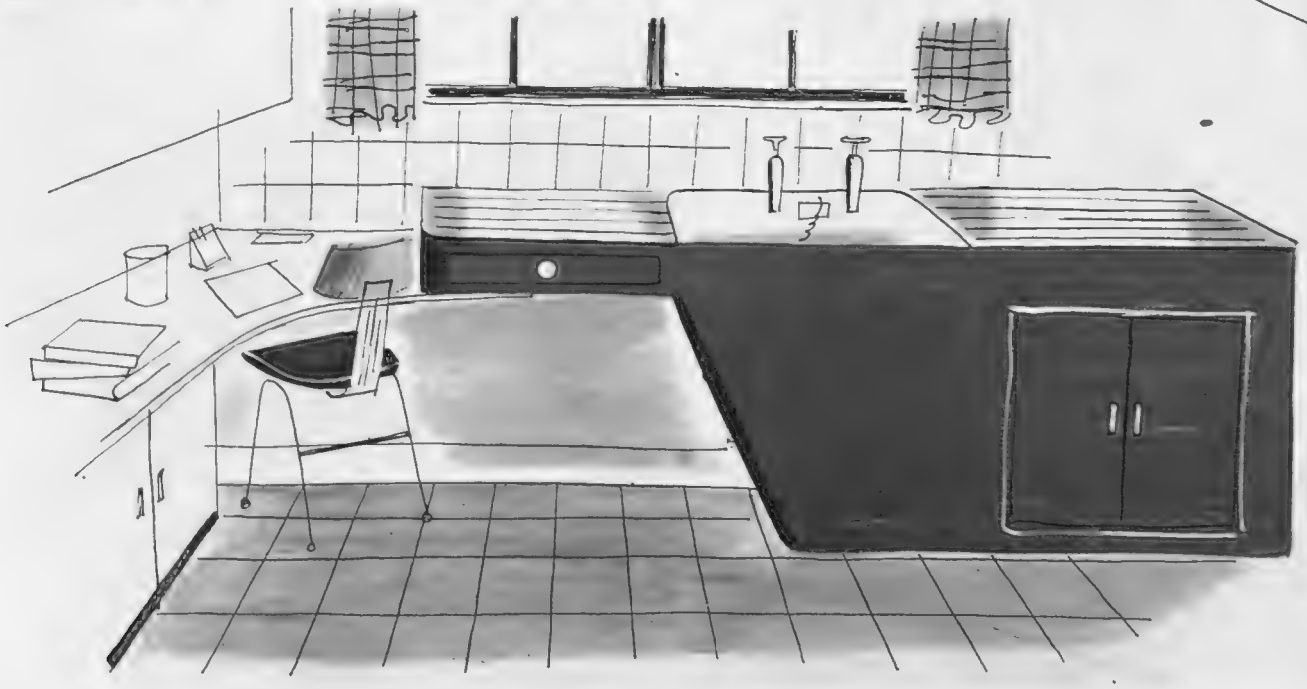
The 2 ft. 6 in. length of wood is drilled to take the various odd brushes and nozzles and three cotton reels fixed fairly close together with long, thin screws passing through Rawlplugs, and then mounted on the door back, using two small right-angle brackets. Vertically above the cotton reels, tool clips are screwed on the door. The tubes of the cleaner now slip over the cotton reels and are held in place by the clips. Sponge rubber is glued to the strip-iron, and the latter bent and screwed in place to hold the hose. The two cup-hooks, spaced about 8 ins. apart, hold the cylinder itself by its skids.

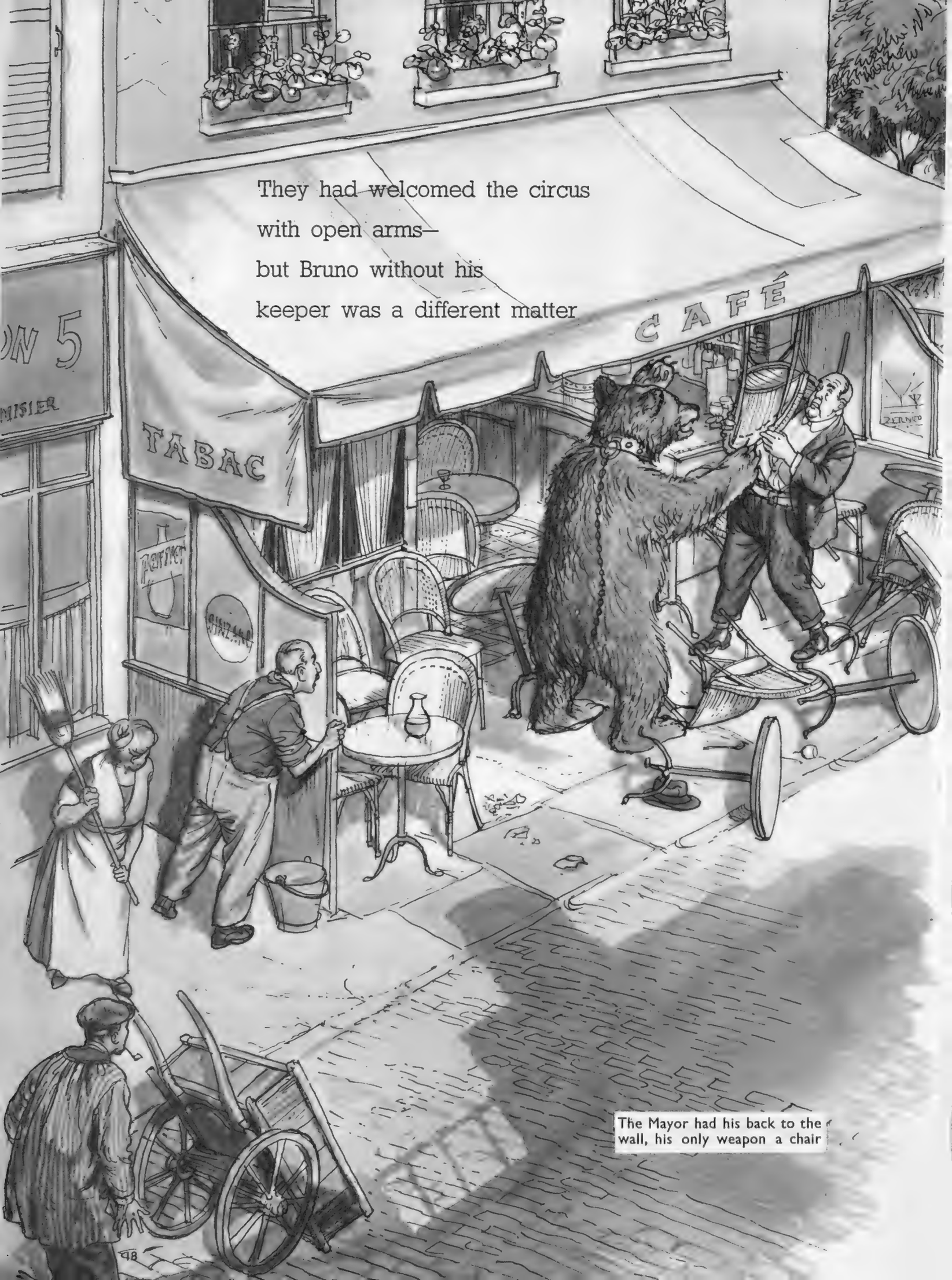
(*Continued on page* 65)



Husband's corner—a workshop from a converted larder, opening very conveniently off the kitchen

"Office" corner for you in the kitchen. The sink unit is home-made, too, except for the top part




They had welcomed the circus
with open arms—
but Bruno without his
keeper was a different matter
CAFÉ
TABAC
The Mayor had his back to the wall, his only weapon a chair

By R. H. FERRY

# Jo Steals the Act

A BOY'S head appeared from under the straw in a disused pigsty, and a thin white face looked up at the last star as it faded from the sky. Dawn broke over the countryside.

The waif had spent the night there, on the outskirts of the small Normandy town of Bayenne, where he had turned up two days before. The townsfolk had seen the *pauvre petit* wandering along the gutters, but the presence of the boy had only caused a mild curiosity.

A band of wandering gipsies had recently passed through the district on its way to the northern forests, and it was thought that the stray had been left behind. The gipsies were very poor and a growing boy was difficult to feed. It was impossible to over-estimate the craftiness of Romanies.

Dark rings showed under the boy's eyes, made luminous and large in his pallid face by hunger and privation, but the thin-lipped firmness of the mouth marked the cunning of a child forced to fend for itself at an early age.

When the boy had been asked his name he had whispered only—"Jo." Beyond this he would not speak and seemed not to understand what was said to him.

There was an orchard near, with ripe apples dangling temptingly from the branches. Jo clambered up one of the trees in his ragged clothes, and, sitting in a fork aloft, he filled his pinched stomach with the fruit. Later he shuffled into the cobble-streeted town and wandered aimlessly here and there, begging from the shopkeepers as they busily took down their shutters and shouted early-morning greetings to each other.

But most of them gave the boy short shrift and more than once he received a kick that sent him sprawling. It was not till the sleepy-eyed *gendarme* looked at Jo with hostility that he sought again the hide-out of the pigsty.

ON the same morning a circus reached the town of Bayenne. It was a tawdry little wandering company and the animals had seen younger days. Some of the artists were ragged and barefooted, others wore the remains of faded doublets and trunk hose that had once been bright in colour. But like all circus people, the artists were proud of their art. At each provincial town they put over the performance with an *élan* and verve worthy of their age-old profession.

A pitch was chosen on the north side of the town a little way out. And almost at once a little procession formed that was to parade the main streets and advertise the evening performance.

Five down-at-heel bandsmen in shabby, claret-coloured uniforms headed the troupe. They (*Continued on page* 56)

*Illustration by* VICTOR BERTOGLIO

# Glass — jewels to grace the table

By MURIEL SEGAL

THE old and lovely craft of hand-decorated glass had almost died in England. As in other crafts, thatching, bookbinding, hand-shoemaking, the economic outlook failed to attract young people. As the older craftsmen died off, fewer and fewer new ones were found to replace them. It is a sad thing to have happened in England, which has for so long excelled in fine handwork.

"The Englishman uses his hands and can make anything. I believe he will never lead the world in mass production, but at handwork no one can beat him." This is the opinion of tall, good-looking Lord Audley, whose family, for generations, have been collectors of beautiful things and whose ancestors kept a whole village of craftsmen within the walls of the estates. Himself an able artist, he conceived the ambition of starting a new colony of craftsmen. The wider horizon proved unattainable, but later it was possible to concentrate on reviving one special craft.

Lord Audley had a starting-point right under his own roof—a store of fine old Georgian glass, each piece a treasure of its kind, but the collection was rapidly diminishing. Soon there would be little of it left. He denies that much of it had been sold, "Our family just broke it," he says. None the less, since it was irreplaceable, there was only one answer. He would make it himself.

But with glass-decorating almost a dead craft, what hope was there of learning it in this country? He found the answer. After a search of the Continent he discovered at Sèvres, the Peyre family, gifted china and glass decorators. The mother of the family is one of the most noted artists in France and all her six children have been employed in the great studios of Sèvres. Jean, the eldest, had worked there since he was eight, and gladly accepted Lord Audley's invitation to come to London, to teach English apprentices and to initiate a new era of hand-decorated glass-wear in Britain.

A start was made in a backroom in Finsbury Park: £50 bought a second-hand kiln, and after a month's work reward came with the first order from Aspreys of Bond Street. (*Continued on page* 61.)

Waterford glass below: decanter, sherry, hock and claret glasses. The colour picture opposite includes tumbler, brandy, champagne, claret glasses and plates

**The glitter of fine glass, so long missed, again brings its jewel quality to the table. Lord Audley's decorated glass (right) and the return of Waterford (left) herald a new era of modern craftsmanship**

Photograph: Deighton Wilkes

# Colours –

By
CHRYSIS

Above is a make-up devised by Helena Rubinstein for fair skins with all dark colours and black. Light Peaches and Cream foundation and powder, Red Velvet lipstick and silver green eye-shadow

A make-up for day or evening, right, by Elizabeth Arden to wear with all pastel colours. Rose Rachel foundation, Rose Rachel powder for undertones, Mat Foncé powder for overtones, April-May lipstick, amethyst eye-shadow

# Cosmetics and You

## Make up to the colours you dare not wear . . . and wear them

IT is useless to declare that fashion means nothing to you. That you couldn't care less if apricot is the colour of the season; that blue is your colour and you are sticking to it, even though the heavens rain apricots.

Of course, it is sensible to wear colours which suit you, which turn your nondescript eyes into periwinkle blue or give a translucency to your normally pale skin. But it is not realistic to pretend that you are above the vagaries of fashion. Sooner or later, at least one item in *the* shade of the season, will find its way into your wardrobe, maybe because the cutest accessories and the smartest clothes at the right price always seem to be in the "latest" colours.

But how they get into the wardrobe is not the problem. The question is, how is it possible to wear the "difficult" colours sponsored by fashion, without looking like a washed-up edition of your usual self?

The answer lies with make-up. That does not mean, of course, that you must disguise your milk and white complexion under a Deep South bronze in order to carry off a particularly acid shade of yellow.

To depart more than a shade or two from the natural skin tones when choosing foundation and powder, is to court all kinds of difficulties. But by placing the emphasis now on the creamy tones, now on the warmer shades of powder, and by making the right use of lip and eye make-up, most women will find that they can wear most colours.

TAKE the tawny shades from apricot through to ginger brown, which are so fashionable now. If you apply the basic rule for make-up which is that lipstick and rouge should tone with the colour worn, the result can produce an orange-brown set up, eccentric on anyone except redheads with a Bermuda tan.

But the new browns are pretty and practical to wear, and apricot is chic, so what's the line of make-up for them? Choose a foundation and powder shade which gives warmth to the skin without being too pink, such as Elizabeth Arden's Light Rosetta Foundation and Special Mat Foncé powder. Accent the eyes with the blue-green to blue eye-shadows, the more greenish tones for hazel or grey eyes, the bluer ones for blue and brown eyes. If in doubt about eye-shadow, remember that blue eye-shadow suits most colour eyes, because it (*Continued on page* 63)

| Fashion Colour | Apricot | Dark Brown | Ginger Brown |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lipstick | Arden's *Royal* | Rubinstein's *Red Velvet* | Max Factor's *Flame 1, 2 or 3* |
| Eye-shadow | Arden's *Green Lilac* | Rubinstein's *Blue Azure* | Arden's *Malachite* |
| Nail Varnish | Arden's *Pale Sunset* | Cutex *Hijinks* | Max Factor's *Flame Satin* |

| Fashion Colour | Beige | Lime Green | Yellow |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lipstick | Arden's *Montezuma Red* | Rubinstein's *Apple Blossom* | Max Factor's *Riding Hood Red* |
| Eye-shadow | Arden's *Drama* | Rubinstein's *Apple Blossom* | Arden's *French Grey* |
| Nail Varnish | Arden's *Montezuma Red* | Rubinstein's *Apple Blossom* | Cutex *Sheer Natural* |

| Fashion Colour | Olive Green | Black | Cranberry |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lipstick | Arden's *Surprise* | Rubinstein's *Pink Champagne* | Max Factor's *Blue Red 1, 2 or 3* |
| Eye-shadow | Arden's *Pearly Green* | Arden's *Amethyst* | Max Factor's *Blue* |
| Nail Varnish | Arden's *April May* | Cutex *Pink Sceptre* | Cutex *Fez* |

It is impossible to give here all the infinite variations of make-up for every fashion shade to suit everyone. If you are uncertain as to which is the most flattering make-up for your new spring outfit, send details of its colour, if possible with a snippet of the actual cloth, and a description of yourself with the colour of your eyes, hair and skin, and Chrysis will work out a fashion colour make-up chart for you. Your letter, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, should be sent to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

He came lounging up with a kind of lanky grace, hands in his trousers pockets. "Gosh—what a place," he said

*They were complete, content, assured, until Desmond arrived, then suddenly*

# My heart and Madrigal

CAREY used to tell me that when he inherited Madrigal he was more horrified than pleased. The great, lovely place had come to him in a direct line from a Brooke of Elizabethan days, but Carey was far too poor to think of living there. His predecessor had camped out in the kitchen quarters and eked out an existence by acting as guide to visitors at half a crown a head; the parkland was let for grazing and the gardens, except for a small vegetable plot, were an untended wilderness.

Carey already had his own career—after Cambridge he had become a master at a boys' school, and while he glumly considered the ghostly, forlorn loveliness of Madrigal it occurred to him that it might be possible to combine his career with his disturbing inheritance, and with the aid of the Board of Education he transformed Madrigal into a school.

*it seemed that they were ghosts against a muted background of forlorn loveliness*

By VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS

*Illustrations by PHILIP TOWNSEND*

That was where I came in; I was one of his original staff, I took Music, organizing the school choir and the orchestra and teaching those who wished to learn how to play the piano and the violin. I had been at Madrigal for five years before I began to have my doubts about everything, about myself, about Carey, and about what we were making of the school.

It was a co-educational school, very expensive, very exclusive; we were in fact all completely rigid with snobbery. The boarders were looked after by Matron and the domestic staff, and except for Carey who had his own quarters in the house, the rest of us lived out in Madrigal village.

Long ago the village had existed merely to house the retainers—in this modern world of speed and council houses it looked like something out of a picture book, hidden away on its by-road with the cottages of cream Ham stone clustered about the great iron gates of the mansion on which they had depended; still depended, in a way, for Carey's venture had brought new prosperity to the little place; not only did we all lodge there, but the butcher, the baker and other tradesmen served Madrigal, and as though they were bound by some ancient feudal loyalty there were always men willing to work in the gardens and women to help in the house.

That was Madrigal when Desmond arrived there—prosperous and contented; we were all very happy, feeling ourselves vastly superior to the crude, loud world outside

our gates—the world of rush and bustle and modernity.

Desmond appeared in reply to Carey's advertisement for a master for Games and Physical Training—not that Carey was very enthusiastic about athletics, but in view of the enormous fees which he charged he knew that he had to do something to pander to the modern idea. I was a little astonished when I first saw Desmond, and I believe Carey, too, was astonished and dismayed at what he had done. "Whatever made me choose him?" he muttered as we idled one summer evening on the grassed forecourt where Elizabethans had walked.

"Why not?" I said, suppressing my own doubts and driven by the perverseness which lately Carey seemed to rouse in me. "I think he's rather nice.'

"Oh, my dear," Carey protested in a stifled voice, "look at him." Desmond came towards us down the shallow steps of the terrace, between link posts of wrought iron. He was quite young, much younger than either Carey or myself, and for a moment as I watched him I felt as though I had been at Madrigal for a hundred years, or as though I were a ghost left over from those Elizabethan days. His yellow hair grew in a kind of quiff in front, his cheeks were brown and smooth like a brown egg shell—I glanced involuntarily at Carey's aesthetic pallor and noticed, too, that his hair was beginning to recede from his temples.

"Just look at him," he muttered, "I can't think what came over me." I knew what he meant; Desmond was gay as a cockatoo against the muted background of Madrigal. He wore a sports jacket of loud and cheerful and quite dreadful colour, a flamboyant tie flowed down his shirt front, seeming somehow wider and longer than any tie I had ever seen. Again I made an involuntary comparison with Carey, whose faultless tweeds were usually sage-grey, or dim heather, or minutely specked in orange and green like mignonette, melting into the landscape.

I WORE the same kind of colours myself, I had got into that way at Madrigal—soft half tones, nothing crude, nothing primary—and again looking at Desmond I had that dreadful moment of feeling an aged ghost, a shadow, shadow coloured—even the red roses which climbed the wall surrounding the forecourt were a loud shout and an intrusion.

"Gosh, what a place," said Desmond, lounging up to us with a kind of lanky grace, hands in his trousers pockets.

"Exquisite, isn't it?" murmured Carey. He rarely spoke above a murmur but I knew that he was gratified as he always was when anyone admired Madrigal.

Desmond grinned at us. "Well, I suppose it is. But it's all a bit creepy, isn't it? And what do you *do* with yourself here after school? I've had a squint at the village and it seems a one-eyed sort of place—no flicks, are there?"

"There's a cinema at Madrigal Major, if you like that sort of thing," said Carey austerely. "Most of us are quite happy without it."

I had one of my moments of disliking Carey. I admitted that I, too, was an affected snob, Madrigal had made me that way—but surely I wasn't quite so blatant about it?

"Where are you living?" I said to Desmond. "I heard you were with Mrs. Leonard. . . ."

He nodded. "Yes—oh, the digs are all right. Smashing girl there," he added with an appreciative grin. "Ella I think they call her. Prettiest girl I've seen for a long time."

"She does outside work here, I believe she works in the greenhouses," said Carey repressively, but Desmond was not at all repressed. "Sort of land girl, hm? I expect she's fun, she looks like a good sort."

Carey dismissed Ella Leonard. "Perhaps you would care to come to our music group this evening? We are exploring Elizabethan music—Hilary here is our guide. We have several recorders and a *viola da gamba* and. . . ."

"No thank you," said Desmond with a cheerful shudder. "Not my cup of tea at all. You ought to get them into square-dancing—bags of room for it in that great hall—the kids would love it. Well, I'll be getting along to the digs. I haven't really unpacked yet. Be seeing you."

He swung away with that long, graceful stride and Carey turned a shocked face to me.

"What can have possessed me? I must have been out of my mind. He isn't our type at all. So brash, so crude, really quite common. Excellent diplomas for athletics, of course, and he has played county cricket—I suppose all that must have persuaded me. He hasn't even the veneer of culture of the other university."

For Carey there were only two, Oxford and Cambridge, all other universities were cast into a negligible limbo. I had often heard the lofty phrase, "the other university" and usually by now it left me unmoved, but that evening I was for some reason acutely irritated.

"You must take him in hand, wean him from his grossness," I said, meaning to be heavily sarcastic, but Carey took me seriously.

"Indeed yes, that's just what I must do. Raw material—I've never come across anything quite so raw as Desmond—but in a month or two I have no doubt but that we shall have moulded him to the pattern of Madrigal."

"Not 'we,'" I said shortly. "Count me out. I like him as he is." He looked faintly surprised, but only faintly, for he never allowed himself to be violently disturbed, and that too irritated me, I wished that I could prod him into a display of natural human temper.

NEVERTHELESS, because I usually tagged along with Carey I found myself being involved in the education of Desmond. It was arduous work at first because Desmond showed no desire to be educated. Deprived of "flicks" unless he made the ten-mile journey to Madrigal Major, he spent the summer evenings playing tennis, coaching cricket, bathing in the pool; with his coming there was a renaissance of sporting activities at Madrigal, for he was wildly popular. The girls had "crushes" and swooned at the sight of him, and the boys followed him about like a pack of faithful hounds. I suppose he was like a sea breeze in our windless, sedate tranquillity.

We were staging that summer an open-air performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and we managed to drag him into that as prompt.

"Silly business, if you ask me," he confided to me. "I mean, these kids, they (*Continued on page* 52)

# DRESS to your HAT

*What can a hat do and how should you choose it? Three famous London milliners have given us their own views*

WHAT is a hat? What should it do? With a suspicion that some of us might still be thinking in terms of a mere lid or head covering, I went direct to three of our best designers for the answer, and—

"A hat is a conversation piece," said Otto Lucas

"Above all, a hat must be romantic," said Aage Thaarup.

"It is the most important accessory and should be very gay and feminine," said Hugh Beresford—which exactly described his own exquisite creations, poised like butterflies on the delicate branching stands in his elegant salon. Here, in Davies Street, antique furniture, a collection of fine Chelsea Bisque figures, open fires, and two courteous corgis in attendance give country-house charm and comfort, and here Mr. Beresford receives the customers who very soon become his friends.

He is a great believer in the personal touch in all shopping, and especially when choosing a hat. The comforting feeling that "they know us there" does away with all kinds of half-conscious inhibitions and shynesses, and enables us to be bold and adventurous and to defeat what Mr. Beresford considers to be the biggest bogy of hat-buying—the preconceived idea.

We get it rooted in our minds that *only*, say, a halo or a brim will suit us (why?—because we have never worn anything else) and also that this shape must be either black, brown or neutral. To be daring would be a disloyalty to our self-imposed fallacy, unwise—even a little naughty.

"But why?" exclaimed Mr. Beresford, "surely you want to be gay and feminine? And what creates the first impression? Why—the head, of course. People first look into your face when they meet you, and they become conscious of your hat before they notice your dress or shoes. Across a dinner table it is the same—the face and hat will create the impression. How important, then, to suit the hat to the face! Your personality never had a greater ally than a well-chosen hat."

AND this is where the milliner can help you: finding the hat to suit your face is for him a clear artistic quest; for yourself more often a cloud of irrelevant questionings (will it do for other occasions besides the wedding? What will the family say? Nice—but is it right for me?—after all, I'm a granny (*Continued on page* 68)

# How to

By

GRETA LAMB

IF there are any women left who have not mastered the technique of getting their man, it is no fault of the writers and theorists, who have been flooding the press columns with instructions for years. But whoever gives advice on the opposite problem—how to dispose of a suitor?

This is a subject that for some reason has been left unplumbed. One would think that women were always on the hunt and never on the retreat. Yet, the sad truth is—and every woman knows it—that the man you want is elusive, whereas the one you don't is after you with maniac enthusiasm.

To the stony-hearted woman a dismissal is just a dismissal, but the gentler spirit sees the need to save the man's face which, of course, only increases his bewilderment.

It may well be that you have spent a blissful three months of mutual admiration before, almost imperceptibly at first, you find your feelings changing. Now comes that awkward moment of explaining yourself when an explanation makes little sense to him and often precious little to you.

On the other hand, an association that you think of as a pleasant, light-hearted flirtation can develop into something more than you bargained for. Until now you have accepted his attentions without being conscious that he sees a future in it. Perhaps he didn't until now, but now that he does, what to do? If the man is sincerely attached to you and you just as sincerely want to be rid of him, it is stalemate unless you can bring the thing to a gracious conclusion.

What are the reasons for his attachment to you? That may be a hard one to answer, or it may not. Could it be that he is emotionally starved and has turned to you (being the kind little woman you are). Or, he may have had his bachelor fling and, with masculine objectivity, has decided it is time for him to settle down and you seem to fill the bill. He may, of course, be sincerely and devotedly in love with you. The last condition is the most difficult to handle and you might be wiser in any case not to dismiss him, for such devotion is rare. The first two will find consolation elsewhere and need not cause you much heartburning.

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YOU can never be quite sure of a man's reaction when he finally realizes that you cannot return his affection. Or can you? He may go and jump in the lake and he may equally well take consolation with a blonde and a dry martini. On the whole the blonde and the martini are by far the most likely refuge. Which means that you break the news to him firmly and kindly and leave it at that.

An unworthy feminine trait is keeping him hanging on because you are flattered by it all, or because you haven't the courage to tell him the truth. In love, women retain something of judgment, whereas men in the same situation are sentimentalists—and egoists—and don't accept the inevitable until it is put to them in very plain characters. Innuendoes, skating around the issue is a waste of time. They simply don't know what the score is.

It is no use blinking the fact that men see, think and feel quite differently to women in an emotional situation. In the first place the dear things have a blind conceit of themselves in love, though they may be humbleness itself in other

# Lose Your Man...

*Since there is nothing left to be said about approach tactics, we thought it time to discuss finesse on the retreat*

directions. It is a practical impossibility for the average man to realize that he is not desirable to the woman of his choice. So, being obtuse to a degree, where women are concerned—and the more masculine he is, the more obtuse he will be—he will never understand what you believe yourself to be making quite clear.

When you refuse his invitation for Tuesday, he will say, "that's all right, old girl, let's make it Friday." Then you have the task of making it clear that you meant not this Tuesday, or any *other* Tuesday.

But . . . and this is a big but, do be *sure* you want to be rid of him. If he is the dog-eyed, trailing-after-you, always-there type, it may well be that you are simply sick of his maudlin behaviour. It is not the man you object to so much as his approach. In all such cases do get the man himself sorted out from his mere inefficiency as a suitor. There is a world of difference.

Try this test on yourself. How would you feel if you discovered him placidly escorting another woman. If the prospect genuinely leaves you cold, the obvious thing is to finish it. But there is a contrary streak in us all. While we may be cool about the man-on-the-spot, interest quickens when we are not so sure of him. Reprehensible perhaps, but there it is.

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OLD Faithful is perhaps the most tenacious clinger of all and one of the hardest to deal with because he is either genuinely devoted or supremely unimaginative. Both constitute a problem.

The sort of man to whom you may be nothing but a mother substitute (he doesn't know it and it has only just dawned on you) can tear you in pieces emotionally before you finally get rid of him. If you let him. This insidious appeal to the mother in us is devastating and takes a mean advantage. Keep that in mind and don't let him get away with it. It is all very flattering until you realize that while he gets a lot out of this, you could get just as much from a pet budgerigar. Just send him packing.

Conversely, the strong willed, hundred per cent male character often falls for the woman whom he imagines to be completely malleable. You are not malleable at all. The misunderstanding arose because it was fun at first playing the little woman. Then comes the reckoning.

He is probably the type who interprets your evasive action as a game of "hard to get." This is very tiresome indeed—and very, very boring. So you must set out to disenchant him. Knowing what attracts him to you, you must put the process into reverse. When you see him in retreat and decide you want him back I don't know what you can do.

Whatever happens don't see-saw when you know an affair has come to its end. Finish it somehow. Things always get worse not better. If he is a really admirable person and you have to hurt him, it's a pity, but he'll get over it. They always do. Maddeningly soon.

Leave this dreary winter and

# *Sail Away . . .*

By RUTH MILLER

**Cruise ships** will sail you into sunshine in forty-eight hours from England. The cost is from forty pounds to four hundred, and you can take as little as ten days or as much as four months doing it.

**The cost** of cruising in British ships does not affect the foreign currency allowance except for some shore excursions. All entertainment is free and only personal spending has to be budgeted for.

**Luggage to take** naturally depends upon the length of the cruise. Cabin space for suitcases is ample and small trunks are permissible. Larger luggage in the hold is accessible for one hour each day.

WINTER cruising is fast beginning to rival the summer holiday, and no wonder. Who could be indifferent to the prospect of escaping from northern smog into southern sunshine? Is there, for those of us who are idle, gregarious and curious about foreign parts, a better thing to do in winter than running away to sea?

By southbound ship summer sun is never more than about two days away. The choice of cruises is endless. You can spend four weeks at sea, all essentials found, for forty pounds or you can settle down on board for four months and spend over four hundred pounds doing it.

Some people like to cruise to some sunny spot, spend a few days, or a few weeks, ashore and sail home again. This is rather like any other holiday abroad, but the convinced cruiser chooses a ship on which the entire holiday is spent, because this is the one way to enjoy the excitement of foreign travel without any of the fuss. Think of going to places like Athens, Buenos Aires or Casablanca (with lesser places to be seen in between) without ever unpacking.

It is a matter of taste whether you take shore excursions on your own or with the organized parties. Native food can be explored at ports of call or, for the more conservative, culinarily speaking, picnic baskets can be arranged.

If you have an average short holiday to spend and want pure relaxation combining sea (*Continued on page* 63)

Photograph by courtesy Union-Cast'e Line

*Madeira (above), four and a half days' sailing from England, drowsing in the sun which makes basking and bathing possible from early December onwards*

# Make

Instructions for making the lampshade on left are given on the opposite page

# Your own Lampshades

by

EILEEN ARUNDEL

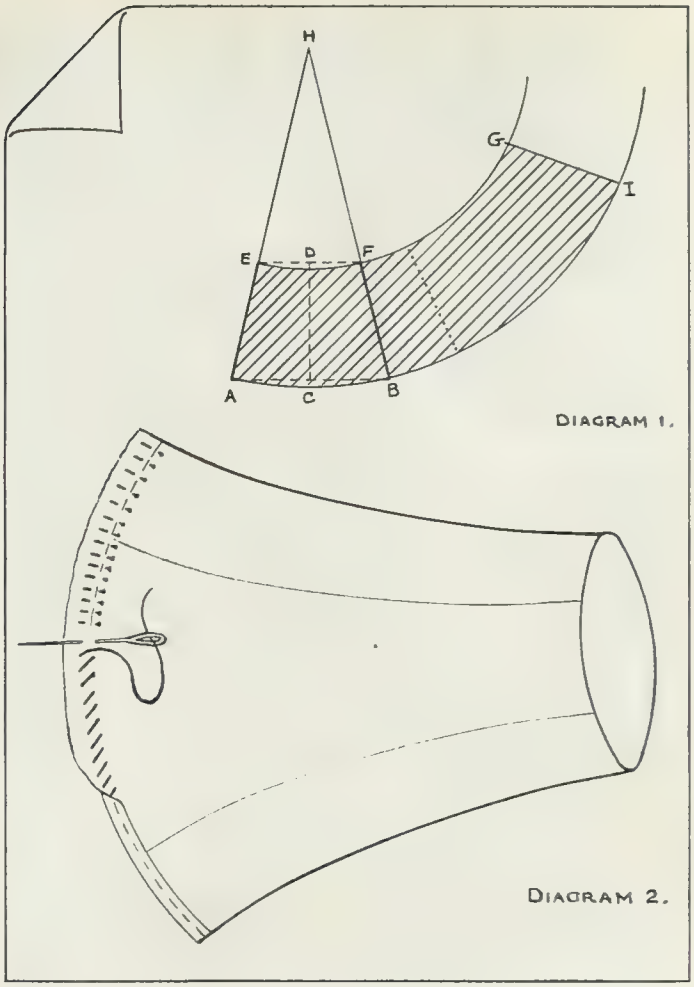



DIAGRAM 1.

DIAGRAM 2.

IT is not difficult to make your own lampshades and to give them a professional finish. It is merely a matter of knowing how and a little careful stitching.

If you are going to spend the time, thought and money on making a shade, make sure that it will be what you visualized for the room where it is to go. In choosing the material for a shade, bear in mind that a brocade or pattern fabric will look over-fussy in a room which already sports quite a number of designs in upholstery and furnishings. Remember, too, that green, while excellent for a desk lamp, throws a sombre light in a sitting-room; white and blue give a cold light, and mauve a macabre one. The kindest light is shed by pink, amber, dull reds and golds.

The wire frames for the lampshade can be bought at many departmental stores and handicraft shops. Choose a frame which is right in size and shape for its setting. The three basic shapes, instructions for which are given in this article, will suit most requirements; a fluted shade, a plain shade, and a draped shade, as illustrated in the colour photograph.

First, the fluted shade. The wire frame must first of all be bound with bias binding, ribbon or tape, to guard against rust, to pad the rough ends of the upright wires, and to give a base on to which to stitch the cover. Bias binding is usually used as it stretches and makes a neater, tighter finish. White binding is usual, but a binding to match the cover gives an expensive-looking touch to the finished job.

To bind the wire, begin with the uprights. Fold the binding over the top ring so as to cover the end of the wire, then fold it evenly round the wire, covering the raw edge of the binding and pulling it tight to avoid a lumpy finish. Continue binding the upright wire until you reach the bottom ring. Cut off the binding, turn in the raw edge and sew neatly. Repeat this process for all the uprights, until you come to the last one, when, instead of cutting off the binding, continue all round the lower ring, cutting off and neatening in the same way when the ring has been completely covered. Then bind the top ring, starting by folding the binding round the top of an upright wire to keep it from slipping.

NOW to make a pattern for your shade, which is shown in diagram No. 1. Do not be alarmed by the look of the diagram, it is really very simple and quick to do. An ordinary pair of compasses will not be large enough to draw the arcs required. A pin, a pencil and a piece of string will solve the problem. When you have drawn the diagram as far as point H, stick a pin in H, loop a piece of string on to it, twist the other end of the string round a pencil and draw the two arcs of the circle.

Let the line AB represent the diameter of the circular bottom of the frame.

From C a point half-way between A and B draw a line CD perpendicular to AB, the length of the line CD being equal to the height of the frame.

Draw a line EDF parallel to the line ACB, this line representing the diameter of the circular top of the frame, the point D being midway between E and F.

Draw lines through AE and BF, meeting at H.

From H as centre, draw an arc of a circle EFG, the length of this arc to be exactly equal to the circumference of the circular top of the frame.

From H as centre, draw another arc of a circle ABI, the length of this arc to be exactly equal to the circumference of the circular bottom of the frame.

Join G and I.

Cut out the part shaded in the diagram, that is the area enclosed by EGIA, which is the pattern required.

Now for the cutting. The spotted line on the diagram indicates the straight of the material. Fold the pattern in half to find this point. Open out the pattern and place the fold on the straight of the material, the remainder of the pattern will be on the cross of the material in varying degrees and can be stretched to (*Continued on page* 64)

*In these days of high costs and standardized fittings, to be able to make your own lampshades is a rewarding accomplishment*

# Calorie-conscious . . .

By ANNE FOREST

## BREAD, CEREALS, ETC.

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Slice brown bread (¾ oz.) | 52 | Mainly carbohydrate calories<br>Negligible protein value<br>Poor vitamin content |
| Slice white bread (¾ oz.) | 54 | |
| Portion of breakfast cereal (1 oz.) | 97 | |
| Porridge (1 oz., no milk or sugar) | 111 | |
| 2 sweet biscuits (1 oz.) | | |
| 2 plain biscuits (1 oz.) | 107 | |
| 1 bun (2 oz.) | 164 | |
| 1 buttered bun | 206 | |

## FRUITS AND DRINKS

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Apple, raw (4½ oz.) | 54 | Comparatively low vitamin content |
| Apple, stewed (4 oz.) | 24 | |
| Pear (approx. 4½ oz.) | 49 | |
| Orange (approx. 4½ oz.) | 45 | Good vitamin content |
| Plums, fresh (4 oz.) | 36 | High vitamin content |
| Tea or coffee without sugar or milk | — | Food value negligible |
| Cup of tea with s. & m. | 25 | No protein value<br>Trace of vitamins |
| Beer (½ pint) | 100 | |
| Glass of wine | 80–95 | |
| Small glass spirits | 70–80 | |
| Water | — | No food value |

## FATS AND DAIRY PRODUCE

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Scrape of butter on 1 slice bread (1/10 oz.) | 21 | Negligible protein content<br>Rich in vitamins |
| Average spread butter on 1 slice bread (½ oz.) | 42 | |
| Scrape margarine on 1 slice bread (1/10 oz.) | 22 | |
| Average spread margarine on 1 slice bread (½ oz.) | 44 | |
| 1 oz. Cheddar cheese | 117 | |
| Egg, 1 oz. boiled | 45 | Good protein and vitamin content |
| Egg, 1 oz. fried | 68 | |
| ½ pint milk | 170 | Rich in vitamins |

## MEAT AND FISH (per 3 oz. portion)

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Steamed white fish | 57 | High protein value<br>Trace of vitamins |
| Fried fish | 171 | |
| Bacon (4 rashers) | 384 | High protein, negligible vitamin value |
| Top grade beef | 267 | |
| Low grade beef | 180 | |
| Mutton | 282 | |
| Pork | 345 | |
| Pork sausage | 246 | Low protein value |
| Liver | 120 | Very rich in vitamin content |
| Kidneys | 108 | |

## VEGETABLES

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Potatoes, boiled (4 oz.) | 84 | Poor vitamin content<br>No protein value |
| Potatoes, chipped (4 oz.) | 264 | |
| Cauliflower (4 oz.) | 24 | |
| Turnip (4 oz. portion) | 20 | |
| Green peas (4 oz.) | 68 | Good vitamin content. No protein |
| Cabbage (4 oz.) | 28 | |
| Carrots (4 oz.) | 24 | No protein value.<br>Rich in vitamins. |
| Spinach (4 oz.) | 24 | |
| Lettuce (1 oz. uncooked) | 3 | |
| Tomato (1 oz. uncooked) | 4 | |

## DANGEROUS EXTRAS

| | Calorie value | Food value |
|---|---|---|
| Chocolate, 2 oz. bar | 296 | No protein value and negligible vitamin content |
| Jam, 1 teaspoonful | 23 | |
| Sugar, 1 teaspoonful | 15 | |
| Ice-cream (1 oz.) | 58 | |
| 4 oz. portion steamed pud. | 344 | |
| Mayonnaise (bought) ½ oz. | 47 | |
| Slice of plain cake (approx. 1½ oz.) | 176 | |
| Yorkshire pud. (2 oz.) | 114 | |

### Calorie allowance for a woman doing moderately active work

| Breakfast at 7 a.m. | Elevenses | Lunch at 1 p.m. | Tea at 4 p.m. | Dinner at 7 p.m. | Bedtime Snack last thing |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 773 calories | 53 calories | 545 calories | 184 calories | 954 calories | 96 calories |

# . . . and SLIM

*Eating a well-balanced diet, while keeping strictly to a limited calorific intake, is the way to health and slimness*

FOR the sake of the unscientifically minded woman who thinks that calories, like vitamins, are beneficent little organisms which inhabit food, it is as well to explain what a calorie is. A calorie is a measure of heat, just as an inch is a measure of length. A calorie has no intrinsic food property, but all food has a calorific value, that is, a fuel value.

Just as a motor runs on calories in the form of petrol, so the body requires calories in the form of food. The difference is that if a motor is given too much fuel, the engine floods and refuses to work. Give the human body too much fuel (by over-eating) and the excess is stored away in fatty deposits in all the wrong places.

So, by eating just the right amount of food to give sufficient calories to keep healthy and active, *but no more*, you will keep healthy and slim.

But how many is the right number of calories?

Calorie intake depends on factors of weight, age, sex, and most important of all, on whether you lead an active or a sedentary life. Take an aeroplane for comparison. When the plane is outside the hangar, with the engine just ticking over it uses only a moderate amount of fuel. When the plane starts taxi-ing down the runway, its engine is working faster and requires correspondingly more fuel. It takes even more power to get the aeroplane airborne, so even more fuel is consumed.

The same principle applies to the human body. You will require more calories if you are working around the house, than if you are going to laze in bed all day, but less than if you plan to spring-clean or play some really strenuous tennis.

Then there are other moderating factors, too. For instance, women need fewer calories than men, youngsters need more than middle-aged or elderly persons. In fact, if you are prepared to do some tedious arithmetic, you can work out your calorific consumption exactly, for age, weight and occupation.

But for practical purposes, no woman will be far wrong in taking 2,600 calories as her allowance. If you sit at an office desk all day you can knock off a few; if you are spring-cleaning, allow a few extra. But not too many. Remember that during a brisk twenty-minute walk you expend only 70–80 calories. You would have to walk hard for nearly two hours to work off a moderate cheese sandwich and a half-pint of beer.

IT is essential that while keeping within your calorific allowance, you should have a well-balanced diet containing protein, carbohydrate and vitamins. Don't let your calorie-consciousness upset your eating habits except in quantity.

Actually, you can cut your food down to a minimum and still put on weight if you are not eating enough of the protein foods. That is what happens, not only to the stupid girls who live on cups of tea and buns, but to the more enlightened people who eat lots of salads, too. If you don't eat sufficient meat, fish or cheese, you will start putting on "unhealthy" fat, salads or no.

You may have heard of the latest slimming craze which advocates a high calorie diet. But get it quite straight. A very high *protein* calorie diet is slimming because these calories are not stored by the body. If you go on to a diet almost entirely made up of meat, fish, cheese and eggs, you will become as slim as a wand in no time.

But like so many other slimming crazes, it has dangers. You may well find yourself in hospital with some very unglamorous kidney trouble as the penalty of your 18-inch waist. No, cutting down your calorie intake to 2,600 a day, though perhaps a slower process, is certainly a healthy way to lithe slimness.

There is no important argument for or against eating or drinking between meals, provided that the day's total consumption of calories is not exceeded

# TALKING OF BOOKS

By

TREVOR ALLEN

*Right:* From Doris Langley Moore's **"The Child In Fashion."** *Below:* Drawing from Nancy Price's diary

STAGE folk are not all shop-talk. Most get around, meet people of all sorts, pack them into memoirs. Nancy Price kicked off as a child by meeting Queen Victoria in an Isle of Wight lane, sharing her chicken picnic, and noticing that she sucked the bones. As actress she met Edward VII, George V and Queen Mary, Princess Louise, Alfonso of Spain. She knew the poet D'Annunzio when he had thirty-one horses, thirty greyhounds, six other dogs, two hundred pigeons, a dignified heron who hated music, a tortoise which died from a surfeit of tuberoses, a green lizard, and a Chinese fish which shared his bedroom.

When he lived at Capponcina, she was told, he and his lady-love stabled their favourite horses on Persian carpets. To see *Whiteoaks* at the Playhouse the Maharajah of Nawanagar brought, in a separate Rolls-Royce, a pet parrot which he loved more than his Maharanee. And there was a beauty who wouldn't marry a handsome "schoolgirl's dream" because she "preferred her cat." In short, her memoirs—**"Into An Hour-Glass"** (Museum Press, 15s.)—glow with good stories, from Staffordshire childhood to stage stardom. Lucky Miss Price, to have met so many interesting people, travelled widely, and loved pets, homes, greasepaint.

If bandmaster Franz Lehar hadn't sometimes put down his baton at Vienna's Pavilion rink and skated with the young daughter of librettist Victor Leon he might never have composed *The Merry Widow.* She bullied Papa into taking him on as collaborator by thumping his *Kukuschka* all day on the piano. Even then a rival composer was first in on the score, and Lehar only got his chance because Leon was dissatisfied. The backers there feared it would be a flop ; George Edwardes put it on at Daly's as a stop-gap. A strange genesis for the most enchanting operette of all time ! W. Macqueen Pope and D. L. Murray tell the story of this and his other successes in a Lehar biography, **"Fortune's Favourite"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), which mirrors admirably a romantic phase in theatre history. Those, yes, were the days !

### JUNIOR DRESS PARADE

COSTUME collector Doris Langley Moore surveys the past 150 years of children's dress in a handsome quarto, **"The Child In Fashion"** (Batsford, 25s.), pointing out that until fairly late in the eighteenth century children were dressed like miniature adults, every discomfort of fashion being reproduced on a small scale for the nursery. As in *The Woman In Fashion,* she has displayed the costumes on living models for the fifty pages of excellent photographs, and suggests that neither human nature nor physique is subject to spectacular changes. One wonders, however, whether faces have not changed with dress, for some of those depicted do not seem to *belong* to the costume—a strange and intriguing phenomenon. Others tone in, making exquisite studies.

And apart from storming the big citadels, what of taking the drama to the smaller centres with wartime C.E.M.A.—the fun and adventure of it, besides the culture? Didn't a kindly cleric introduce Dame Sybil Thorndike at a West Wales luncheon as "a member of the oldest profession in the (*Continued on page* 68)

Margery Sharp takes a Devon farming family background in **"Gipsy In The Parlour."** The Gipsy is a dark Plymouth milliner who comes to marry the remaining bachelor brother but manages to entice his young nephew instead

*Right:* "Holidays" is the laconic caption to this sketch, one of many from Nancy Price's diary of 1908, and reproduced in her memoirs—of childhood and stardom—**"Into An Hour-Glass"**

# Love Immortal

*The Story of TRISTAN and ISEULT*

DAWN breaking over the Irish sea . . . a group of simple Gaelic fishermen listening transfixed to the sweet music of a harp wafted across the water from a drifting boat . . . and in that boat a wounded minstrel knight, drawn by fate towards a love that was to prove immortal. . . . Thus unforgettably, with soft tints, muted melody and rich poetic imagery, the scene is set for the first meeting of those two great figures of romance, Tristan of Lyonesse and Iseult the Fair.

There follow for this pair, who were to be bound to each other inescapably through the unwitting draught of a magic potion, strange adventures and wondrous exploits; and a passionate happiness shadowed by misfortune and tragedy. But throughout their tale of love there prevails the same fey, fairy spirit as colours the picture of Tristan gliding to his destiny on a twilit northern sea.

Among the most famous of all stories of romance and chivalry, the legend of Tristan and Iseult rang

*Illustrations by* ROBERT HODGSON

*Narrative by* JOHN W. HERBERT

" As evening fell . . . upon the bark that heeled and ran to King Mark's land, they gave themselves up to utter love "

through the Middle Ages from the mouths of bards and troubadours and the writings of versifiers to become known, in a score of different renderings, all over Christendom, and even inspire great poems and music in later centuries. For its theme was no ordinary love, no gay passing dalliance between brave knight and lovely lady, but love eternal and undying.

How came Tristan, nephew of King Mark of Cornwall, on his lonely, melancholy voyage in an open boat, so far from home and friends ? Mortally ill from a wound suffered in killing Morholt, King Mark's enemy, he had sought salvation by taking to the sea, alone and with nothing but his beloved harp, and letting himself drift to whatever land the currents should take him, hoping there to be made well. So he came to the shores of Ireland, and into the healing hands of the daughter of the King of Ireland, Iseult the Fair.

Iseult, " skilled in philtres," cured his wound ; but as yet there flowered no love between them. In fact, had Iseult known that this sick, wandering minstrel was Tristan, his death would have been certain and swift, for Morholt, whom Tristan had killed, was Iseult's uncle. Realising his danger, Tristan left the ministrations of the fair Iseult as soon as possible and resumed his travels.

But before long, fate took him once more to Ireland, this time in formal state as King Mark's ambassador, to bring back a wife for the King. And that wife was to be Iseult—who seemed to Tristan to fit more than any other damsel the description of the unknown " Lady of the Golden Hair " whom the bachelor King believed he was destined to marry.

And soon, by the strange workings of fate, Tristan was to find himself again a sick man in the care of Iseult—and this time in even more urgent peril of his life than before.

On reaching Ireland he had set off in chase of a monstrous fire-breathing dragon which had been ravaging the countryside. After mortal combat with this creature he destroyed it, but he himself fell grievously wounded, to be found and carried back to the palace by Iseult and her squire and maid.

Iseult and her mother nursed him ; and one day in the sick-room Iseult idly took his sword from its scabbard. Suddenly she saw along its bright, sharp edge a notch, a tell-tale gap into which fitted exactly the piece of steel which had lodged in Morholt's skull and which she had kept.

IN a flash she knew the truth, and raising the sword above his head cried : " You are that Tristan who killed the Morholt, my mother's brother, and now you shall die in your turn ! "

Only quick thinking and quick talking saved Tristan then from an ignominious end. Candid and persuasive, he turned away Iseult's fiery anger, convincing her that he had killed Morholt honourably and was taking her to King Mark for no ignoble reason. And having heard him, " she kissed him on the lips to prove peace." Did love first dawn between them at that moment ?

If so, it was not the passionate, overwhelming love that came to them soon afterwards, on the ship that bore them back to Cornwall. Iseult's mother, the Queen, to strengthen the marriage-bond between Iseult and King Mark, had brewed a potent philtre, which she had entrusted to Brangien, Iseult's attendant, with orders to guard it with the utmost care. But one day on that fateful voyage, when the ship was anchored by an island in a calm, and all had disembarked save Tristan, Iseult and a young serving-girl, that philtre was broached in error—to create a love that Iseult's mother had never dreamed of.

The day was hot, and Tristan and Iseult grew thirsty and called for wine ; and unwittingly the girl (in Brangien's absence) brought them the pitcher containing the magic potion. Both drank deep and the pitcher was drained. Soon afterwards the horror-struck Brangien came upon them " gazing at each other in silence as though ravished apart." And before they reached Tintagel the philtre had done its work.

" It seemed to Tristan as though an ardent briar, sharp-thorned but with flower most sweet-smelling drave roots into his blood and laced the lovely body of Iseult all round about it and bound it to his own and to his every thought and desire."

The draught had fired Iseult too with an equal love, so that now she called Tristan her lord and master and herself his slave. And Brangien, watching their first deep, passionate kiss, cursed herself for her carelessness and cried : " Friend Tristan, Iseult my friend, for that bad ward I kept take here my body and my life, for through me and in that cup you have not drunk love alone, but love and death together."

" And as evening fell," so goes the tale, " upon the bark that heeled and ran to King Mark's land, they gave themselves up to utter love."

SO, with her heart aflame for Tristan, Iseult was married with pomp and ceremony to King Mark at the Court of Tintagel. From her royal husband

The unhappy pair were condemned to burning at the stake. Yet even now fate had not deserted them

she may have concealed her secret, but, not from four old enemies of Tristan—Andret, Guenelon, Gondoine and Denoalen, knights at Mark's Court. Into the King's ear they poured a tale of Tristan's illicit love, and Mark, though only half believing, nevertheless banished Tristan (whom he had always treated like a son) from the castle.

But a mere order of separation was not to keep lovers like Tristan and Iseult apart. Tristan went no further than Tintagel town, where he lodged privately with a trusty friend, Gorvenal; and at night, with Brangien's aid, kept clandestine tryst with Iseult in the castle grounds, warning her of his coming by casting into a stream twigs which were carried down on the stream's course to a point near Iseult's quarters.

THEY reckoned, however, without the wily Andret and his three companions who, suspicious that the lovers were still meeting, called in an evil dwarf named Frocin to show King Mark how he could catch Tristan red-handed.

The lovers were surprised by the pool where they kept tryst, but with ready wit, Iseult played up to Tristan's acting—for now his role was that of innocent and injured nephew imploring the Queen to intercede on his behalf with his uncle, the King. So convincing was their dialogue that King Mark was disarmed and called back the pardoned Tristan to his Court.

But a love like Tristan's and Iseult's will out in the end; and no such sheer good fortune attended them at the next plot of Andret and his companions to undo them. A cunning trap, set to prove that Tristan had visited his love at night (though only to wish her farewell before going on a journey) worked, and this time the lovers' fate was sealed. The unhappy pair were condemned to burning at the stake.

YET even now fate had not deserted them. Tristan escaped and rescued Iseult, when, delivered from the fire at Mark's command, to be given over to a still more hideous punishment—to live out her life among lepers—she came with her horrid captors along the road where he lay hiding.

As fugitives now, seeking shelter in the woods, King Mark himself surprised them in their lair. But the sleeping, unprotected pair, lying with Tristan's sword between them, awoke the King's pity and he spared them, leaving his own gold-hilted sword in place of Tristan's and putting his ring on Iseult's finger. Profound was the impression that Mark's compassion made on the lovers; and in the light of it Tristan decided on his great renunciation. His beloved Iseult he brought back to her husband and he himself, bidding her good-bye for ever, left Cornwall never to return.

Legend pictures Tristan dying in Brittany. Iseult died soon after, heart-broken at Tristan's passing. But though they were mortal, their love was not. They were buried in near-by graves and thrice a creeper grew from Tristan's tomb to Iseult's, and thrice King Mark had it cut down. But still it grew, eternally linking the lovers, evergreen symbol of their undying love.

*Will "Ulysses," the spectacular Italian film soon to be shown in London, prove a challenge to the Hollywood monopoly?*

# CAMERINI and the

HOLLYWOOD, already reeling under the impact of television, faces new and serious competition, this time from Italian film rivals. Italy is challenging Hollywood's long-established monopoly of the spectacular film, backed by money, imagination and, one is tempted to think, more creative genius than Hollywood has often mustered. Will the Italians out-spectacle Hollywood, as they have already outstripped the French in the field of realism? Will the Oscar for the most "stoo-pendous, ker-lossal" film pass from the shores of California to the seat of an older civilisation?

Italy is no tyro at the game. In fact, the spectacle as we know it originated in Italy. Before World War I., the Italians already had *Cabiria*, *Quo Vadis?* (first edition) and *The Last Days of Pompeii* to their credit. With ten flourishing production companies at work, Italy was leading the world in film-making in general and the grandiose spectacle film in particular; a fact surprising to the modern filmgoer whose film memories cannot reach back forty years.

In the '20s, initiative passed to Hollywood. While Fascist control turned the Italian film industry into a mere propaganda machine, its international reputation dwindled to nothing. To the film fan of the inter-war years, films meant Hollywood, no more, no less.

But in those early days, when the Italians still had a tradition to be proud of, a young man quietly entered the film world. Now, as a veteran director, his name is familiar to every discriminating movie fan—Mario Camerini. It is Camerini who has

By FRANCES MASON

# CAMERA

directed *Ulysses*, the first of the new sequence of Italian spectacles which are going to be a serious challenge to Hollywood's monster productions.

Camerini brings forty years of film experience to the task of re-creating Homer's epic story. His ways are not the ways of Hollywood. American productions subordinate human interest to spectacle. Camerini, on the other hand, is concerned first and foremost to tell a warm, human story. The spectacle falls into place as a setting for the human theme. To do this, he picks his character extras where and when he finds them.

Italy is the land of opera and pageant. Italians are gifted with a feeling for costume and an unselfconscious sense of melodrama. Probably no other nation in the world offers as much natural talent to the film director who has an eye to discern it. *Ulysses* will show whether the Italian method of casting produces better films than Hollywood's technique.

Because, financially, the Italian and the Hollywood film stand equal, Camerini's methods of casting is no result of economy. Now, whatever it may have been in the past, the Italian film industry is rich, as a result of successes as *Bicycle Thieves*.

*Ulysses* is a million-pound production, which is about what Hollywood spends on a Cecil B. de Mille masterpiece. Silvana Mangano received £50,000 to double star as Penelope and Circe; Kirk Douglas £65,000 to play Ulysses.

Why should Camerini go to Hollywood for his leading man? Because, he says, Ulysses is essentially a tough, outdoor adventurer. "In the States you find the home of the great open-air adventure film—Westerns, I think you call them, and in them actors at their best. So an American it had to be."

What will be the outcome of this neck-and-neck race to out-spectacle the spectacular? With every reason for the industry to sink its capital in mammoth productions in a counteraction against T.V., who will prove the bigger box-office draw—Hollywood or the challenging Italians?

This scene of Ulysses and his crew disembarking on the island of Polythemus gives some idea of the beauty of the natural setting for the film. No detail has been omitted which could give authenticity to this re-creation of Homer's epic. Experts were consulted on points of scholarship and the costumes based on those which appear on ancient Greek vases

Right is a study of Mario Camerini, the director of *Ulysses*, taken on the set, as he instructs one of the cast on a nuance of interpretation. Left is Circe, played by Silvana Mangano, as she appears to Ulysses on her mysterious, bewitched island. Circe's Grotto is a fantastic creation of Venetian glass, with waterfalls of ever-changing colours cascading down the walls

# *All the Day Through*

Tweed for a morning in town. Here is Susan Small's street dress in grey and pink fleck, cut so impeccably on moulded feminine lines that it looks complete without a coat. 9 gns. at Harrods; County Clothes, Cheltenham.

Dark grey leather envelope, £3 9s. 6d.; gloves in grey Celanese, 13s. 11d. Both at Fenwick. Jewellery by de Farre

*Photographs by Michael Williams*

Below: Tweed suit for a crisp spring day. The straight-cut jacket swings aside to disclose waistcoat in green suèdette, meaning extra warmth and élan. By Windsmoor, £14 5s. at Harrods; Josephine of Halifax. Stitched Celanese gloves, 13s. 11d. Fenwick

Left: Tweed for a country afternoon. Figure-flattering waistcoat and pencil-slim skirt in brown and white pebble mixture worn over white polo-neck sweater with three-quarter sleeves. Tweeds by Alexon, £3 9s. 6d., complete at Dickins and Jones; Fenwick, Newcastle. Sweater, £1 5s. 6d.; gilt ear hoops, 16s. 11d.; bangles in many metallic colours, 2s. 6d. each. Fenwick

Right: Separates to wear almost any time: knitted lumber jacket in rose and a grey Terylene skirt that will wash without unpleating. Lumber jacket, £4 19s. 6d., skirt 5½ gns. Both at Harrods. Leather bucket, £1 19s. 6d. Dickins and Jones. Fenwick's bracelet

Above: White silk jersey sculptured for evening. Polly Peck's classical dress that will pack and never crease, has gathers which fall softly from a ruched torso, and an attached stole which encircles the shoulders in an asymetrical swirl. £9 19s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones; Werff Bros., Liverpool. Bracelets, £1 15s. 6d. each; diamante bag, £5 15s. 6d. All at Fenwick

# Casual Comfort

Jewellery by de Farre

**Materials :** 12 ozs. Torpedo "X" Super 4-ply wool in blue ; 2 ozs. of 3-ply in white ; 10 buttons. Work on No. 13 and No. 10 needles. Tension, 9 sts. to the inch measured over the main pattern. Instructions are for a 34"-36" bust.

### START AT LOWER BACK

With No. 13 needles and blue wool, cast on 124 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib.

**Next row.**—(Wrong side of fabric.) P. 3, inc. in next st., 31 times (155 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

**2nd row.**—K. 2 (slip 1 *purlwise*, k. 1), repeat across row, ending k. 1.

**3rd row.**—P.

**4th row.**—(K. 1, slip 1), repeat across row, ending k. 1.

**5th row.**—P.

Repeat last 4 rows for 8½ ins.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (147 sts.).

Work in patt. for 8 ins. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows (67 sts.) ; 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (43 sts.). Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles and blue wool, cast on 64 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib.

**Next row.**—P. 1, inc. in next st. (p. 3, inc. in next st.), 15 times, p. 1, inc. in next st. (81 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. for 8½ ins.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next *k.* row.

Work in patt. for 5½ ins.

At the beg. of next p. row (centre front edge), cast off 8 sts. ; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 p. rows (63 sts.) ; then dec. at beg. of all p. rows until there are 57 sts.

Work straight until sleeve edge measures the same as back.

Cast off, at beg. of *k.* rows, 8 sts. 6 times.

Cast off remainder.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, but reversing all shapings.

### SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 13 needles and white wool, cast on 60 sts. Work 2 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Break wool, join blue wool.

**Next row.**—P. 6 (inc. in next st., p. 3), 12 times, increase in next st., p. 5 (73 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. at both ends of row at intervals of 1 in., 6 times (85 sts.) ; then on every 6th row until there are 115 sts. ; then every 4th row until there are 123 sts. ; every other row until there are 137 sts.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Cast off remainder.

### FRONT FASTENINGS

Join shoulder seams, using a back st. ¼ in. down. Press all parts, except ribbing, under a wet cloth with a hot iron, taking care not to stretch fabric, or flatten the pattern. (*Continued on page* 67)

*A drop shoulder cardigan in honeycomb stitch, quick to knit, with easy-to-follow instructions. The simple two-row pattern gives a firm fabric which keeps its shape well*

**Materials:** 5 oz. Bairnswear "Femina" 2-ply Botany Fingering in grey, 1 oz. in white; 2 pairs 10 and 1 pair 14 needles. Tension 11 rows and 8 sts. to 1 in. to fit 36 in. bust

START with the back. With No. 10 needles and grey wool. Cast on 3 sts.

**1st row.**—K., inc. 2 sts. in end st. (by knitting first into back, then into front and then into back again).

**2nd row.**—P., inc. 1 st. in end st.

**3rd row.**—As 1st row. **4th row.**—As 2nd row.

**5th row.**—As 1st. row. **6th row.**—P., inc. 2 sts. in end st.

Rep. these 6 rows, working 24 rows in grey and 4 rows in white, alternately, until there are 122 sts.

End p. row, when left sleeve is worked as follows :

With another pair of No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts.

**1st row.**—P., inc. 1 st. in end st. **2nd row.**—K., inc. 2 sts. in end st.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 18 sts. End k. row.

With needle of main piece p. across these 18 sts. and inc. 1 st. in end st. Now 141 sts.

Continue, inc. 2 sts. at end of every k. row and 1 st. at end of every p. row, changing colour as described until 1st row of 4th white stripe, when side shaping begins as follows :

End k. row, inc. 2 sts. in end st. as usual. Now p. 2 tog. at beg. of each p. row and omit the inc. of 2 sts. at end of k. rows, inc. 1 st. every 6th row, which is done by omitting the dec. at beg. of the p. row.

Continue thus and always inc. 1 st. at end of every p. row until there are 200 sts., when shoulder shaping begins as follows :

End p. row (15th row, grey).

### SHOULDER SHAPING

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of the next 19 k. rows and omit the inc. st. at end of p. rows, from now on, when neck shaping begins as follows. End p. row.

### NECK SHAPING (3rd row white)

Cast off 3 sts. and 2 sts., alternately, at beg. of each k. row until there are 126 sts.

End p. row, when other sleeve is begun as follows :

### RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of row and inc. 2 sts. at end of row. Continue the neck shaping as described and inc. 2 sts. at end of next 6 k. rows. End k. row (123 sts. and 1st row of white stripe).

Now p. 2 tog. at beg. of every p. row and continue neck shaping until there are 59 sts., when shoulder shaping begins again as follows : (*Continued on page 67*)

## To knit

# On the Cross

*Dressmakers know the value of cutting the fabric on the cross in order to achieve a good fit. Knitting on the cross gives the same couture qualities in this jumper*

Photographs by Michael Williams

*Margaret Sharp's*

# Finds For February

1 at Harrods, London, S.W.1, a replica of an antique brass and copper lantern, adapted for use as a decanter. Lighted from below by a torch bulb and battery, the wine sparkles in the bottle-shaped glass container. It is poured out through top of lantern. Price 68s. 6d., postage 2s. 3d.

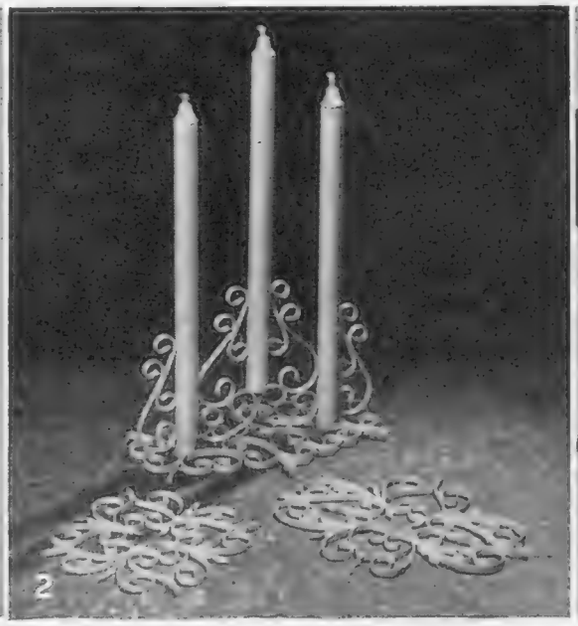
2 at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, London, W.1, white-painted wrought-iron filigree mats. Standing on rubber feet, they protect tables from heatmarks and scratches. Small size 11s. 6d., large 15s. 9d. To match, perpetual oil burning candles in wrought-iron stand. Single candle in stand 37s. 6d., triple candles as photographed 75s. 6d. All post free

3 at Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, bread basket in red and natural raffia, price 18s., postage 1s. Oak bread platters with individually designed carved handles, 22s. 9d., post 1s. 6d. Pyrex dish in decorative cane stand, from Harrods, 14s. 3d., post 1s. 3d. Round dishes, price 12s. 6d., also available

4 also at Marshall and Snelgrove, Wedgwood nursery service in white earthenware, decorated with Beatrix Potter's drawings of Peter Rabbit and his friends. Guaranteed to delight the younger set, mug costs 4s. 9d., porringer, 6s. 2d.; egg cup, 2s. 9d.; plate, 3s. 1d.; cup and saucer, 7s. 6d., postage extra.

5 at Oetzmanns, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1, a vacuum jug, guaranteed to keep drinks hot for twelve hours. Complete with two glasses in heat-proof plastic beakers and a tray grooved to prevent jug and beakers from sliding about, in cream—or green—and black plastic, 21s. Postage 2s.

6 at Liberty's, Regent Street, London, W.1, in sparkling wintergreen Florentine glass, a heavenly punch bowl set at down-to-earth prices. The bowl, shaped like a giant goblet on a firm solid base, costs 32s. 6d., the lipped ladle also in wintergreen glass, which pours out without spilling, 12s. 6d.; and cups, 7s. 6d. each. Carriage on bowl, 7s. 6d.; on 6 glasses, 3s.



*Margaret Sharp Shopping . . .*

## For You

MIRACULOUSLY in this age of mass production, you can still buy a length of hand-woven Highland tweed—world famous for its texture and longevity—and know that no one else is wearing identical material. This Personal Tweed Scheme is run by the Highland Home Industries—111A George Street, Edinburgh, 2—which markets wares made by Highland craftsmen and women. When you choose a particular tweed from patterns sent by post—it is specially woven for you and never made again. Suit lengths cost from £12 10s.

Home dressmakers, striving to turn out perfectly fitting clothes, will be interested in the classes run by Jocelyn Richardson, 34A Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1. Rich in experience gained at first hand from her flourishing couture business, Mrs. Richardson concentrates on teaching the secrets of superlative fit and finish, which alone can give clothes that coveted couture look. Fees for six 2-hour lessons are £8; for individual tuition 25s. an hour; for classes of three people 10s. an hour.

Another personal service by the Highland Home Industries is the matching of knitting yarns for twin-sets to one of the colours in a hand-woven tartan or tweed skirt length

## For Homemakers

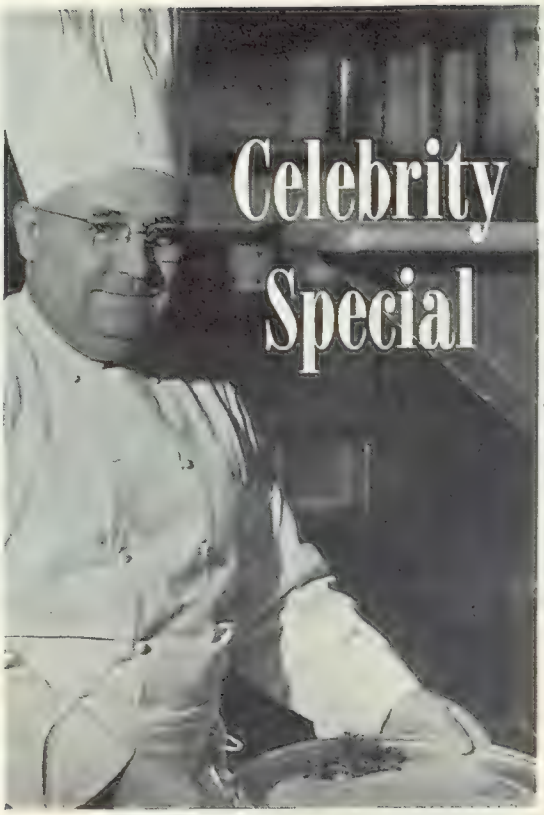
ON-A-BUDGET homemakers will welcome the new Mayman Druggeting, a floor covering with a flat tweedy surface, woven from a mixture of springy wool and hardwearing hair, and backed with layers of hessian and thin rubber. In nine plain colours squares cost from £8 6s. for the 3×2 yards size. By the yard, the druggeting ranges from 13s. 10d. for the 18-inch width. From Ellis Mayman, Albion Mill, Dewsbury.

Also for economy's sake, the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, sell stock pattern Wedgwood and Doulton dinner table china in single place settings of soup cup or plate, dinner, pudding and cheese plates and, sometimes, cup and saucer. Settings cost from 45s. Table silver is also sold in place settings from £2. The same store matches tablecloths and napkins in natural linen bordered with yellow and black, (or green and black) stripes, and breakfast, dinner and tea services in the same natural colour with identical striped borders. A 54-inch square cloth and four 14-inch napkins cost 43s. 6d.; 21-piece matching tea set is 52s.; 24-piece dinner service £5 0s. 9d. Postage extra.

A new G.E.C. kettle with powerful 2-kilowatt element which boils 3 pints of water in 5½ minutes. It is fitted with a safety device to prevent damage if the kettle boils dry. Price £3 from electrical dealers. A large 5-pint size is also made and is 5s. dearer

## Mainly For Gardeners

THE garden tools shown in the photograph on the right all come from the Garden Centre, 40 Crawford Street, London, W.1. The Wilkinson Sword shears are of entirely new design. The light rust-resisting hollow-forged blades have great cutting power, and little physical effort is needed to work the tool because the new-type floating bearing joining the blades together makes it smooth and easy in action. Price 30s., postage 1s. 6d. The three walking stick tools are all made to order. The weeding basket stick has a finely tapered tip which can easily be driven into the ground, leaving the gardener both hands free to fill the basket. The stick with the wicked-looking three-pronged harpoon on its tip will pull dandelions, plantains and other weeds out of a lawn with the minimum of damage to the turf. Price 49s. The hand-forged steel blade to the thistle-slasher has razor-sharp edges for cutting down thistles and other weeds. When a leather sheath is slipped over the blade the slasher makes a comfortable walking stick. Price 61s. 6d. and 68s. 6d., according to size. Postage on each of the stick tools is 1s. 9d.



# Celebrity Special

WHEREVER good food is understood, the two restaurants in London and Paris bearing the name Prunier are famous. The inspired fish concoctions in which this restaurant excels are an inspiration and by their variety a source of wonder to all who think of sea foods as "just fish."

Monsieur Maurice Cochois who has presided over the kitchens at the London restaurant since 1935 has chosen this fish meal from his infinite repertoire to commend to readers of this magazine.

CONSOMMÉ DE HOMARD (6 to 8 persons)

*1 lb. carrots, ½ lb. onions, 1 stick of celery, 3 leeks, ½ lb. turnips, 2 oz. pepper, 2 cloves, ½ bayleaf, 1 twig of thyme, 1 small garlic, 2 quarts of water, 2 lobsters weighing 1 lb. each, 1 glass of sherry, salt, and 2 tomatoes.*

Cook the vegetables in water for 45 minutes. Add the lobster to boil gently for 25 minutes, then skin it, add the tomatoes to clarify—strain through a fine cloth. Put into the soup tureen with the sherry and half of the lobster flesh cut in small pieces. Serve very hot.

FILETS DE HARENGS TROPHY

In 1936 Madame Prunier inaugurated a trophy for the season's best herring catch. This dish was composed to celebrate the event by M. Cochois.

Fry fillets of herrings in clarified butter, and serve them in this way. Two fillets on each plate, roughly chopped tomatoes tossed in butter on top, then another fillet to make a sandwich. Cover with a light Sauce Thermidor, and brown lightly.

SAUCE THERMIDOR

Boil some chopped shallots with ½ glass of water and 1 teaspoon of vinegar until the liquid has evaporated.

Boil lightly 1 teaspoon of butter or margarine, and 1 teaspoon of flour in 1 gill of milk, stirring all the time.

Mix 1 teaspoonful of mustard, and pour all the sauce on top of this, afterwards adding a nut of butter or margarine out of the frying-pan.

Add salt and seasoning to taste.

# New Look for Preserves

AGAIN and again I have said to myself when red currants were in season: these shall be turned into jelly. I know what happens to them when I bottle them! Yet each year I weaken and bottle a few jars, thereby presenting myself with my regular February problem. What can one do with jars full of wooden pips surrounded by pink liquid? For that matter, what should one do with mashed raspberries and loganberries? These don't fade like red currants, but the pips are even more wooden, if possible, and there are lots more of them.

Although experience hasn't taught me to stop bottling pips, it has given me a few ideas for making the most attractive and appetizing use of the fruit juice and pulp. Red currants don't lose their flavour; they only lose their colour, and the judicious use of cochineal will attend to that problem. Strain the currants through a sieve or muslin bag—and, by the way, I always save muslin flour bags for this purpose—tint the resulting pulp to a more natural curranty colour.

Now you have the basis for (*Continued on page* 50)

The top picture shows how the pastry flan case is pricked with a fork to ensure it remains in shape. Below is a vegetable and cheese variation of the flan. Arrange the cooked vegetables inside the case, pour over a thick cheese sauce, grate cheese on top and grill to brown

# This England . . .

*Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight*

VECTIS the Romans called it, which some hold to mean "Island of Flowers," and truly in the Isle of Wight Nature has a luxuriance almost foreign, with many orchids, and from the far warm South such unexpected migrants as the hoopoe. Though to these islanders you of the mainland are "overners" yet is their speech and nature English of the English; and high among their pleasures that most English of enjoyments the drinking of fine ale, honoured in the name of Worthington since those old days when smuggling was a leading industry.

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# New Look For Preserves

(*Continued from page 48*)

*Red Currant Cream.* In addition to ½ to ¾ pint of purée you will need a lemon jelly, a gill of cream, 2 oz. of caster sugar and a few glacé cherries and walnuts for decoration.

Heat the fruit pulp and dissolve the lemon jelly in it. When it is cool but not set take 2 tablespoonfuls and mask a mould with it, pouring the liquid jelly round and round until a thin layer coats the bottom and the sides of the mould. Now set your decoration of cherries and walnuts at the bottom. To the remaining jelly add the whipped cream and the caster sugar. Mix thoroughly, and pour gently into the mould. It is best set in a refrigerator, but any cool place will do, if time doesn't matter.

You can use any fruit for the purée, of course, varying the flavour of the jelly and the colour to suit the fruit. Orange jelly is good with gooseberries, with a spot of green vegetable colouring to tone it up. Lemon jelly suits strawberries, but team raspberries with a jelly of their own flavour.

Any economical soul will rejoice in a cold sponge pudding which uses up stale spongecake as well as tired fruit. Strain the currants, heat and add 2 oz. sugar. Line a basin with spongecake, cut into strips or thin slices. Pour in the fruit mixture, and top with thicker slices of cake, so as to absorb the juice. Put a small plate on top and weight it with a heavy tin or a bottle of milk. Let it stand for several hours before turning out. This is delicious with a little whipped cream to top it.

## PEACH FROLIC

I actually look forward to using pulpy raspberries in spite of their wooden pips, because they introduced me to the delight of *Peach Frolic* which is made as follows:

Sieve the raspberries, dissolve a raspberry jelly in a very little hot water, then add the purée to this, mixing vigorously. Put aside to cool. Now place a fresh or tinned peach into each dish and pour a little of the mixture over them. Allow the remaining fruit jelly to get cold and whip to a bubbly froth. Allocate the appropriate amount to each jellied peach, and top with a whirl of whipped cream. Decorate with half a walnut or a glacé cherry.

Now a hot pudding for which raspberries, loganberries or gooseberries are suitable. Red currants are not, because the purée is too thin. Put a strip of shortcrust pastry round the sides of a pie dish, but not at the bottom. Melt 2 oz. of margarine, add the fruit purée, 2 oz. of sugar, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and a cup of stale cakecrumbs (or breadcrumbs will do, if necessary). Stir over a low heat till it thickens: it must not boil, or it will curdle. Cool for a few minutes, then pour into the pastry-lined dish. Bake in a quick oven for a few minutes till the pastry has set, then lower the heat and bake gently for another ½ hour. Make a meringue with the whites of the eggs, using 2 oz. of sugar to 2 whites, pile on top of the pudding, and replace in the oven for another ¼ hour, till the top is light golden. Serve hot.

## FRUIT CREAM FLAN

Have you ever eaten *Fruit Cream Flan?* Do try this: it is specially good, and I'm giving you step by step instructions so as to make sure that it will be perfect.

Grease a flan tin or a fluted edge sponge tin. Make a short crust pastry, using 3 oz. of margarine or butter to 6 oz. of flour. Rub the fat in with the tips of the fingers, mix to an elastic dough with ice-cold water. Roll the pastry into the shape of the tin, making it about ¼ inch thick. Flute the edge with the back of a knife; then, using a fork with even prongs, prick the pastry thoroughly all over, including the edge between the flutes as shown in the photograph on page 48. This pricking will ensure that the pastry does not rise and remains in the shape of the flan-tin.

I much prefer this method to the business of using crusts or beans or rice or some such to keep the pastry down, for, quite apart from the messy business of picking out the bits which get stuck in the pastry, the base of the flan doesn't get properly cooked if it is covered with oddments. Pricking keeps the shape, and makes certain the whole of the flan is properly cooked.

Bake the empty flan in a moderately hot oven, about 20 minutes or until it is golden brown. Then put aside to cool while you prepare the contents of the flan. Purée your fruit as before. You will need ½ *pint of fruit pulp; 1 tablespoonful cornflour, ¼ pint cold water, ½ oz. butter, 2 egg yolks, a squeeze lemon juice, ¼ lb. sugar, a little desiccated coconut if liked.*

Mix the cornflour and water to a smooth cream; add the sugar, the butter and a pinch of salt, and stand the bowl in a pan of hot water. Or you can use a double boiler. Stir over a gentle heat until this mixture is thick, then cook slowly for 5 minutes without stirring. Cool slightly before adding the yolks of the eggs, well beaten. Return to a gentle heat and cook for 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Allow to cool before adding the purée, the lemon juice and the coconut. Stir till well blended, then pile in the prepared pastry flan. You can serve this without further baking, or you can make a meringue with the whites of the eggs. Use ¼ lb. sugar to 2 well-whipped whites. Fold the sugar gently into the whites, and spread the meringue on top of the flan. Sprinkle a little caster sugar on top, and set to colour lightly in a very cool oven. When cold, the meringue should be crisp, the custard mixture fruity and creamy.

This is a *very* superior sweet, and I'll be surprised if it doesn't send your reputation as a cook soaring into the skies. Particularly with your menfolk. I know there is a current fable to the effect that men don't like sweet and creamy things. Hmmm! Just ask any confectioner who are his best customers!

But those with a savoury tooth will like a vegetable and cheese variation of this flan. You can use preserved or frozen vegetables for this recipe which makes a delicious supper dish. Make the flan case just as for the fruit cream flan. Cook the vegetables and arrange them inside the case in an attractive and colourful pattern—carrots, beans, peas are effective and tasty. Make a thick cheese sauce and pour over the vegetables. Grate a little cheese on top, and put under the grill to brown

## CHARLOTTE RUSSE

*Charlotte Russe*, made with raspberries, loganberries or strawberries, is good. You will want *1 cup fruit purée, 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, ¼ lb. granulated sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, whites of 2 eggs, ¼ pint whipped cream (or top of milk). Sponge fingers.*

Soak the gelatine in cold water, then add boiling water and stir till dissolved. Add the sugar, stir, and allow to cool. Remove a few tablespoonfuls before adding the fruit pulp and lemon juice. Mask a mould with the jelly and line with sponge fingers, fitting them closely together. When the fruit and jelly mixture is cold and on the point of setting, whisk it to a sponge-like consistency, and then add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs and fold in the cream. Turn this mixture into the sponge-lined mould, and set in a cold place; preferably in a refrigerator. When you are ready to use it, dip the mould into hot water for half a minute, place the serving dish on top of the mould and turn over *gently*. Shake carefully to loosen. Decorate the top with whipped cream whirls, each topped with a crystallized violet or a silver ball. This is a party sweet, of course; but it's simple enough to prepare quite often, and for children it's pretty enough to turn any meal into a party!

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# My Heart And Madrigal

(*Continued from page 27*)

want to play about after school; messing around with Shakespeare, they get enough of that during school hours; anyway, living here is like living in a Shakespearian play."

"But they like it," I assured him, and he gave me a sideways grin.

"That's what you think. You should hear some of them. They'd much rather be playing tennis or doing high dives into the pool."

I stifled the suspicion that he might be right. Our annual open-air performance of a Shakespearian play was becoming a part of the tradition of the school—the county came from miles around to see the performance.

"No, they like it," I insisted. "Ask them, they'd tell you they like it."

"I have asked them," he replied with that mischievous twinkle.

STILL he appeared faithfully at rehearsals and afterwards we used to take him along to the Madrigal Arms, which was very self-consciously and smugly Elizabethan, though you could not quite put your finger on what was wrong with it. Odd, I thought, as we sat there one evening, until Desmond appeared I had not thought that there was anything wrong with it. I had in fact always been quite lyrical in my appreciation of it.

"Quaint old place," Desmond remarked with a disparaging glance at the dark beams "Funny how people go for this phoney olde-worlde stuff."

"I assure you there's nothing phoney about the Arms," said Carey coldly. "Those are actually the original beams."

"Well, I suppose it's too original for me," said Desmond. "Give me an honest-to-God pub—you know, all gilt and glitter."

Carey gave the patient smile which told me that he was trying to remember his mission and be patient.

"But it is surely pleasant to reflect that our Elizabethan forebears drank their ale here."

"If you're interested in your Elizabethan forebears," said Desmond. "Personally, I'm not. I prefer A.D. 1953."

It was a little discouraging, but all the same we flattered ourselves that there were signs of improvement. He joined our Film Club where we saw foreign films —

"Though mind you I don't think they're in the same street as a good American film," he remarked. "I can't think what all the fuss is about—though, of course, there are loads of people who think anything foreign is good just because it's foreign."

I let that one go, because it was one of those innocently shrewd remarks of his which came perilously near to being true.

I was thrilled when he told me that he would like to learn to play the recorder.

"But Desmond, of course, how wonderful," I cried, and he gave me a rather sour grin.

"Don't get excited—I'm not a convert. It's only because there's nothing else to do."

"Oh, but you'll enjoy it," I said.

"Sez you," replied Desmond doubtfully.

"You know we really are beginning to make an impression," Carey said when I reported the latest success. "Have you noticed a faint dawn, an awakening interest, a willingness to listen? We'll make something of our Desmond yet."

I was inclined to agree with him, but that contrariness which Carey roused in me made me argue.

"If we want him different. I told you before, I always thought he was rather nice as he was."

Carey gave me the smile which barely moved his lips. "All nice and hearty. The rugger forward type. All beef and brawn."

"That's what I like." I insisted obstinately, and quite untruthfully. We were walking in the summer dusk between the hedges of dwarf clipped lavender where in the daytime the bees swarmed and buzzed; now there was silence and the lavender was a grey shadow, unperfumed until you crushed it in your hand. Carey stopped abruptly, his fingers closed with astonishing strength on my wrist, he drew me towards him.

"Do you?" he said with a little ironic smile. "Do you really, Hilary?" I looked up and met his eyes. I saw the tender twist of that smile and in that moment of stillness we almost broke through the cultivated restraint which held us; if I had moved a little, only a very little, towards him, or sighed, or said his name, I think I should have been in his arms, but I stood bound within the cocoon of well-bred reserve which Madrigal—and Carey himself—had wound around me. I said nothing, and the moment was gone and he dropped my wrist and gave a little half-laugh and said lightly,

"You don't, you know, not really."

The next evening Desmond sent a note explaining that he had an engagement and could not come for his recorder lesson. I was not unduly bothered, though I wondered what engagement he could have at Madrigal. When I saw him the next day he did not explain but announced abruptly that he would not be coming for any more lessons.

"But why?" I said a little crossly, since I felt that the recorder lessons were my own share in the rehabilitation of Desmond "You're getting on so well."

"Oh, too busy," he said airily, but he avoided my eye and went away very quickly

Then he did not come to the film show and he was not to be found when Carey and I wanted to take him for a cultural session at the Madrigal Arms.

"But what on earth is he doing with himself?" said Carey, "Every evening he completely disappears. he's not to be found anywhere."

"He says he's busy," I said, a little flatly, for I was beginning to suspect that Desmond had tried our way of life and found it insupportably dull.

"Busy?" Carey scoffed. "What has he got to be busy about?" I could not answer for I did not know and Desmond himself, though as usual immensely cheerful, had in some curious way withdrawn himself from us so that it was impossible to question him. During the daytime we heard his voice, cracking out commands in the gym, hustling the young ladies and gentlemen of Madrigal as they had never before been hustled; we heard shouts of laughter from the bathing pool and it occurred to me that before Desmond came the children had never been so noisy—so much like real children was my original thought, but I suppressed it: we heard Desmond on the tennis courts, startling the prim shades with a regrettable shout:

"Smash it, you silly ass, *smash* it!"

BUT every evening he disappeared, leaving no clue. I suppose if we had been more like natural normal human beings we should have guessed, but as it was we simply wondered and pondered and brooded moodily over our failure—until one evening when I was hurrying along the shrubbery path on my way to my lodgings I heard a murmur of voices and a hushed chuckle of laughter which I recognized as Desmond's, and in the half-light I saw two figures standing very close together.

I hurried on, averting my eyes, shocked, dismayed, realizing that I had the answer to the mystery but even then not fully realizing its enormity. Desmond was going out with a girl—that was what kept him so busy; nothing wrong about that, I told myself, no reason for being shocked—I wouldn't acknowledge that I had been envious of those intimate murmurs and that warm, soft chuckle of laughter.

Carey frowned when I told him about it. "But who can she be? There are no girls around here." He looked at me in sudden horror—"Unless—it couldn't—you don't think it could be one of our girls—one of the sixth formers?"

I thought it quite possible, judging from the swooning glances which followed Desmond, but I devoutly hoped not, lest the chill breath of scandal should blow through our cloistered elegance.

"I shall have to find out," said Carey.

"How?" I said. "You can't ask him."

"Never mind how. I shall find out—it's my duty to find out. It must be stopped—it's quite disgusting."

(*Continued on page 54*)

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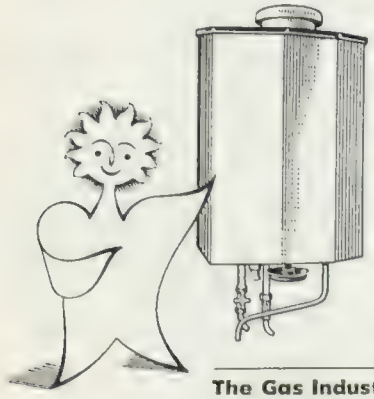

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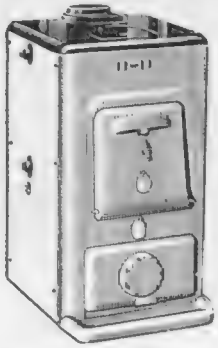

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I felt the familiar exasperation. "There's nothing disgusting about it—if it should be one of the sixth formers it's a pity and it will have to be stopped, but it's not disgusting. Desmond is a lovely person—I can imagine any girl falling in love with him."

"Kissing and cuddling in the shrubbery!" Carey's voice dripped scorn.

"Where should they kiss and cuddle?" I demanded. "Anyway, they weren't, they were just talking together and—and laughing, when I saw them." My voice faltered absurdly—I still heard the echo of that tender chuckle between two people who were happy together.

Carey put a finger beneath my chin. "What is it, Hilary? Don't be upset about all this, we'll get it squared up."

I moved my head sharply. "Don't, don't do that. I'm not upset." Carey, I thought, was the last person to whom I could confess that I envied the girl who had stood in Desmond's arms in the shrubbery; no, that wasn't quite right—not because she stood in Desmond's arms, but that I envied any girl who stood in any man's arms hearing him laugh for love of her.

I had been too long at Madrigal, I thought, too long in this cultivated, rarefied atmosphere, where even the children—except when they were with Desmond—barely raised their voices; I felt old and dreary, I was a mummy stiff with our own special brand of snobbery.

Something of what I was thinking must have shown in my face for Carey said again, with some concern,

"What is it, Hilary?"—and again I said, "Nothing," because of all the people in the world he was the one who would not understand.

I don't know how Carey found out who the girl was—he would have disdained to snoop or to listen to gossip—but in some way he did find out for the next day between classes he came to the music room.

"It's Ella," he said shortly.

"Ella?" I stared at him, my mind for a moment not connecting.

"Yes, yes, Ella Leonard," he said impatiently. "The girl in his digs—that girl who works in the greenhouses—you know her."

I WANTED to laugh as I thought how stupid we'd been for all our cleverness. But of course—it was obvious, inevitable; Ella was young and gay and ravishingly pretty and when Desmond escaped from our Elizabethan music and our modern play-reading and our study of the Russian novelists, there was Ella, ready to laugh with him, ready to play with him, ready to go to the "flicks."

I felt almost hysterical, I wanted to say waggishly, "Well, what do you know?"—but Carey's face was a study of horror undisguised.

"But it's unbelievable," he said, prowling between the music stands which remained after the orchestral class. "He must be out of his mind. I mean—Ella *works* here—she's not his sort of person at all."

I felt sorry for him and faintly superior, too, for it seemed to me quite clear that Ella was certainly Desmond's sort of person. We had worked so hard trying to make him over into the image of ourselves—and Desmond just wasn't having any—he'd found Ella, with whom he could laugh in the shrubbery.

"She's very nice and very pretty," I offered.

"Oh, nonsense," cried Carey with more animation than he usually showed. "I mean, of course she's pretty in a hearty, outdoor sort of way—and nice enough, I suppose, if you must use that odious word. But she's got hold of him somehow—if this goes on she'll undo all the work we've done. You must admit that he has become more human in the last few weeks."

"Or inhuman," I murmured, but at that moment the discreetly toned bell sounded and my next class began to come in and Carey took himself off.

We had arranged to go that evening to a concert being given at Madrigal Major by a famous string quartet. Desmond, a little reluctantly, I remembered, and under pressure from Carey, had agreed to come with us. As I walked beneath the arch towards the old coach houses which were now the garages, I



wondered whether he would turn up—I thought it very unlikely and I was surprised to see him standing beside Carey's car. He looked flushed and cross and very young and handsome and even Carey seemed a bit ruffled and I gathered that all was not well.

"Desmond informs me that he isn't coming," said Carey stiffly.

"Oh, look here, there's no need to be like that about it," Desmond protested. "I told you I'm sorry I didn't let you know sooner, but I've got another engagement—and if it's a question of paying for the ticket just say so."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Carey with weary scorn, "You were going as my guest."

"Well then," Desmond kicked resentfully at a wheel, "I don't see what all the fuss is about."

Carey gave him a small, tight smile. "I suppose your other engagement is with Ella Leonard?"

Desmond looked up then and I noticed that he was wearing a most gaudy and magnificent tie—probably Ella had given it to him.

"Yes, it is," he said defiantly. "Though I can't see that that has anything to do with you. My free time is my own."

"Going to the flicks, I suppose?" Carey pursued, so silkily that Desmond, who did not know him very well, relaxed and smiled, thinking that all the bother was over, I daresay.

"Well yes, we are. There's a good picture on at the Odeon."

Carey was leaning with languid grace against the bonnet. When he spoke his voice was grave and friendly.

"Desmond, don't do it. Ella is pretty and I'm sure she is quite charming, but she isn't the right girl for you. She'll only drag you down to her own level.

Desmond's flush deepened and a dangerous little blue flame sparked in his eyes and I wanted to warn Carey, "Oh careful, do be careful."

"It may interest you to know that I intend to marry her," said Desmond haughtily.

Carey groaned and passed a hand over his eyes. "Let's not be melodramatic. Let's talk it over calmly and reasonably. You know what will happen, don't you, if you marry Ella Leonard—though I can't really believe that you intend to do so? You'll live in a small, poky house—the kind of house to which Ella is accustomed—eating in the kitchen, because the only other room is the parlour which is only used on Sundays.

"Don't imagine that you'll raise Ella, it never happens that way—the tone of a home is set by the woman. You'll take her to the flicks on Saturday night, you'll probably buy fish and chips for supper, you'll lose all your awakening interest in music and literature, the finer things of life, you'll. . . ."

I had been conscious of Desmond rumbling beside me and now he exploded.

"Oh good lord, what rot you talk. I tell you, I like poky little houses where you eat in the kitchen, always nice and warm; I was brought up in a poky little house, it was warm and snug and comfortable—no miles of draughty corridor, no freezing in winter in huge rooms—and I like going to the flicks and I like fish and chips and if you think Ella is common, as I've no doubt you do, then I'm common, too, and I like it that way."

He drew a breath then rushed on: "I like people to be alive—I like to laugh aloud sometimes, and make a noise, I like to have fun. These poor kids here, they give me the creeps, they're so polite and superior. You're practically mortified, the whole lot of you, mortified, I tell you, stiff with snobbery."

He eyed Carey with a malicious smile. "Look at you, you're so busy being cultivated and refined and all the rest of it, I bet you wouldn't know what to do with a girl even if she flung herself into your arms. Well, enjoy yourselves at the quartet," he added. "Think of me, sitting in the back row, holding hands with Ella."

I was thrilled to observe that Carey was white with rage, for once an honest emotion had got the better (*Continued on page 56*)

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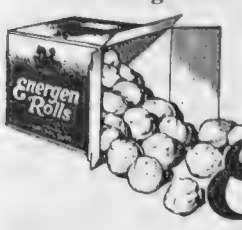


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of him; he had to swallow before he could speak.

"You understand of course that if you persist with this affair I shall have to ask for your resignation?"

"Suit yourself," said Desmond airily and he strolled away and there was something young and jaunty and defiant about the set of his shoulders and the wind caught the ends of his outrageous tie and whipped them out like a banner.

We stood in a deathly silence, I because I just didn't know what to say and Carey because I believe he was dumb with rage.

"Get in," he said at last, and I got in and we drove off in silence out of the grounds and on to the main road. I could feel a bubble of laughter rising, I wished that I dared laugh, I felt that a great gust of laughter would clear the air, but I realized that I should be laughing alone and perhaps that would not be very funny. At the fork for Madrigal Major Carey paused.

"Do you still want to go to the string quartet?"

"No," I said bluntly—I couldn't imagine anything more trying, in the circumstances.

Without comment Carey let in the clutch and we drove through lanes arrayed in all the lovely blowsiness of late summer, ditches foamed with Queen Anne's lace, great swags of honeysuckle looped the hedges, a purple flash was a patch of loosestrife. I caught the dusty musky scent of meadowsweet. Carey said nothing and I said nothing. We had the hood down and the wind ruffled his hair and whipped out his tie as it had done Desmond's, and though his grim face told me that he was still seething I felt extraordinarily happy, relieved, light-hearted, as though we had at last come to the end of something.

Presently he stopped the car.

"Let's walk a bit," he said, and we went along a narrow lane so lushly overgrown that the long grasses brushed against us. Surprisingly he slid his arm through mine—I thought we must look like any lover and his lass walking out together on a summer evening, and the thought depressed me because it was so far from being the truth. I thought about Desmond and Ella, sitting in the back row at the pictures, so easy and natural together that they could giggle and whisper and talk nonsense without feeling at all ashamed.

We came to a gateway arched over with honeysuckle, the sort that is pearl and carnelian red, its perfume was almost unbearably sweet—I was beginning to feel that there was something unbearable about the entire evening.

"A pity about Desmond," I remarked, a little to goad Carey and a little because I was sick of being reserved and restrained. "He's so good at athletics."

Carey leaned against the gate with his peculiar languid grace. "The wind has ruffled your hair," he said. "You look about eighteen."

I DON'T know what there was about the words—maybe some tone in his voice as he spoke them—but with a dazzling flash I knew just what I wanted. I wanted Carey to take me in his arms, to kiss me, laugh with me; though I was more than eighteen I wasn't so very old—not too old to be loved and kissed. All right then, I was in love with Carey, and a lot of good that would do me, since Carey's idea of being in love would be to write an exquisite sonnet to his lady.

"I want to ask you something," he said abruptly, "Are you on my side or on Desmond's?"

I stared at him in dismay. Oh, it was unfair, he had no right to ask me such a question.

"On yours," said my heart, "On yours, always and for ever."

But it wouldn't be quite true. I knew I couldn't go back to Madrigal as it was—you needed people like Desmond to let a breath of fresh air into the languishing elegance of the world which Carey was trying to make. You could become completely frozen in your own elegance, so frozen that your heart almost ceased to beat and it could seem like a major crime to stand laughing with a girl in the shrubbery. I should have to tell him the truth, and that would probably be the end of me—I should be leaving Madrigal at the same time as Desmond.

I shook my head. "Neither. I want it both ways—Madrigal as it is, but with some of Desmond's ways as well. I like to laugh sometimes, out loud, I like to enjoy myself in quite crude ways and be a real human person."

"You don't think I'm a real human person?" said Carey, impassively, with no expression at all, so that I could not tell whether he was angry or not.

"Well," I began doubtfully, knowing that having embarked on the truth I must go on with it but a little afraid of where it might lead me.

"Is that how I seem to you?" Carey broke in. "A mummy, mortified in my own snobbery, Desmond said—do I seem like that, Hilary?"

"It's a spell," I murmured. "The spell of Madrigal."

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "Perhaps I'd better hang on to Desmond—maybe he'll keep me human, break the spell."

Well, that was all right. Desmond would stay with us and he'd marry his Ella and they'd be happy ever after, but I felt drearily that the spell was already broken for me. I couldn't go back, I wanted more than Madrigal could give me.

"Hilary," Carey said, and when I looked at him I saw the dimple come and go in his thin cheek.

"Let me remind you of something else that Desmond said—he said that I wouldn't know what to do with a girl even if she flung herself into my arms."

We stood looking at each other and the world was drowned in the sweetness of honeysuckle.

"Do you believe that, Hilary?" said Carey softly. Then he held out his arms.

"Try me, my darling—try me and see."

END

# Jo Steals The Act (*Continued from page* 19)

played only a single tune but one internationally known—"John Brown's Body Lies A'Mould'ring In The Grave. . . ." Somehow the piece was not inappropriate . . . the troupe was cheap and shabby . . . a corpse moulding in a canvas shroud but the artists—the spirit of the circus, went marching bravely on. . . . The bandsmen played with protruding cheeks as if their lives depended on it. The music was a discordant and brassy blare . . . but brave too. No one could help but be roused by it, even in the most sleepy provincial town.

It was not often that anything disturbed the peace of Bayenne. A band was a band, and soon the pavements were thronged with jostling citizens.

The proprietor of the circus strode proudly behind the band—Signor Romano Francesco Colleoni, second cousin to the acrobat Lorenzo the Magnificent. Romano had the sallow complexion of an Italian, a powerful hawk nose, flashing black eyes and a fine military moustache. There was little he did not know about the circus. Sawdust was in his blood. He knew the secret of surprise effects to dazzle an audience, every trick that was a certain draw, the value of each act.

HE was certainly a magnificent figure, though his frock coat was turning green beneath the armpits and his tight-fitting check trousers were baggy at the knees. In the ring Signor Romano wore the uniform of a general of the Zouaves, but in any clothes he would have caught the eye.

Beside the ringmaster padded the finest beast in the circus—the lion Leo. The great cat was a ragged-maned flea-bitten animal with thin flanks and a permanently hungry look. At suitable intervals Leo growled and snarled automatically, and as his master cracked a cruel looking stock-whip the beast slunk away with its tail between its hind quarters—it was always effective!

Behind Romano came his wife—the Fat Lady, Marion—advertised as the fattest woman from New York to Singapore. She sat smiling placidly in a small buggy cart drawn by a Great Dane, tugging patiently in the shafts. Perspiration glistened on Marion's moustache which showed through the thick layers of grease paint.

Two elephants followed, bored and indifferent. On their heads, set at a rakish and ludicrous angle were gaily coloured and quartered schoolboy caps. An impish monkey sat on the back of each elephant grimacing at the crowd, occasionally scratching vigorously or reaching out for a proffered monkey nut.

The *pièce de résistance* of the procession was Gilda, the bare-back rider and trapeze artist. Romano had bought the girl some years before from a gipsy band and trained her himself for the double act. There was a strange wild rhythm about the girl as she pirouetted and postured on the back of a prancing piebald pony, and as she blew artless kisses to the best looking youths in the crowd.

She wore no tights—only a single spangled garment that showed her limbs and thighs with a seductive boldness. Romano knew that she was the best draw in the troupe, but she was already temperamental, full of mannerisms and affectations as if she had been born a *prima donna* with a gold spoon in her mouth.

Walking alone came the clown—old Matteo, with a chalk white face and clear blue eyes the colour of the summer sky. To the joy of the young boys watching, he turned a few lazy cartwheels, then tripped skilfully over his foot sprawling on the cobbles. Matteo was always a favourite. He had seen better days—perhaps this was his exit, his last circus. One could not help but laugh with a sorry heart at Matteo. "Laugh, clown, laugh," but some of the women wiped a tear from their eyes at the whimsical "Grock" who limped because his feet were sore.

The crowd was enjoying the unusual spectacle. The simple women of Bayenne had the blatant freshness of country town complexions, now they had the extra flush of excitement. The men were uncritical—"*Voila!* A circus! *Très bien.* Bravo! Bravo!" The spirit of a circus is infectious.

Trailing at the end of the procession came the dwarf, Grott, leading the great bear, Bruno, on a thin and rusty chain. Romano was an expert showman, the diminutive dwarf added several feet to the bear's height. Bruno seemed restless and disinclined to be led, but the dwarf hissed threats and imprecations at the beast, and tugged viciously at the chain.

At last the procession had passed through the market place in the centre of the town, and only the echo of the cornet came from the distance.

THE procession had not long passed and the townsfolk were thinking of preparations for the midday meal when the Mayor of Bayenne, Monsieur Jollie, strolled down to the open-fronted café in the market square. He was a bachelor and in the habit of lunching lightly on hot days under the shade of a chestnut tree. It was very pleasant to eat there and Monsieur Jollie was of a comfortable temperament. No one could have mistaken him for other than the Mayor.

He was a small portly man with a suit of dark clothes, a little too tight to be comfortable, and his trousers did not reach the top of his laced and tongued boots by several inches. Even in the heat of the summer he wore a stiff collar, though he allowed himself the relaxation of discarding his tie. Monsieur le Maire, however, was never without his dignity.

Sitting down in his favourite seat, he ordered a salad, a roll, and a cup of iced coffee. The serving (*Continued on page* 58)

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Thoughtful young women planning their futures, find the attractions of a Commission in the Women's Royal Air Force many, real and varied. Which of these attractions you yourself will find most compelling is something that you alone can decide.

Perhaps you will most welcome the opportunity to widen your horizons. You may get the chance to go to Singapore or Cyprus, to Malta, Germany or the U.S.A. Wherever you may be posted you will meet new and interesting people, live an entirely new kind of life, join in new social activities.

Then comes the important nature of the work: women today are an integral part of the Royal Air Force, doing work that is suited to their abilities and sharing the privileges and responsibilities of the Service as a whole. Some of the jobs done by women officers include: photographic interpretation, fighter control, radar, administration, catering, education, and equipment and technical duties. For these responsible posts candidates must obviously possess such personal qualities as initiative, character and judgment.

Next come the attractions of living and working on a Royal Air Force station: the full and stimulating social life and the opportunities for every kind of sport and hobby. Of course you can wear civilian clothes when not on duty.

A word about the pay. Here figures are misleading because you have no rent, no fuel or light bills. In addition to your basic pay (beginning at £242 a year on commissioning with prospects of rising to over £1,000 a year) you receive an extra allowance towards your rations and a cost-of-living allowance if you are stationed in London or abroad. You are given a uniform allowance, and free railway warrants when you travel on duty or go on leave. If you marry you have the choice of resigning or remaining in the Service.

There are two ways of becoming an officer in the W.R.A.F. If you have certain professional qualifications or experience it is possible to obtain a direct commission in certain branches. Alternatively, if you have reached an acceptable standard of education, you can be considered for an officer cadetship. Age limits are, generally speaking, between 18½ and 37.

What to do next? Write a brief letter asking for particulars of commissions in the W.R.A.F. The address is: The Under Secretary of State for Air, Air Ministry (E.182), A.R.1, Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

woman quickly attended to such an important customer. Where Monsieur le Maire elected to eat his *déjeuner* must surely be a place of high reputation. She smiled and curtsied prettily as she placed a neatly laid tray before him.

MONSIEUR JOLLIE was anticipating his meal with relish and allowing the seductive odour of garlic (just a *soupçon* had been mixed with the salad) to penetrate his nostrils, when there came sudden shout of alarm from the direction in which the circus had gone.

"The bear! The bear! Look out! Take cover—the great beast has gone mad."

The mayor had heard the noise of the band, but he had been too busy with his official duties to watch the procession. When a cloud of dust therefore appeared in the distance he was not at once alarmed.

"Someone is pulling my leg," he guffawed, and stuffed his mouth with salad.

But people began to run in all directions, seeking sanctuary in the shops and slamming the doors behind them.

Almost before the mayor realized that he was in imminent danger, Bruno was level with the café. The great beast was waving his forepaws in the air, each armed with razor-sharp claws, and slavering at the mouth. There was anger, even death, in his cruel and crafty eyes.

The mayor jumped to his feet and, adroitly for a man of his rotundity, dodged behind the heavy marble-topped table. The bear eyed him for a moment and then advanced upright on hind feet, to the attack. The street was now quite empty. Utterly deserted.

There was only the mayor and the bear—facing each other with the table between them. At the windows of the shops and houses heads and faced appeared. The *Grand Guignol* could have held no more excitement nor promised greater tragedy. Life and death were in the balance . . . and of all places in Bayenne.

"Courage! Courage!" voices shouted encouragingly at Monsieur Jollie as he dodged this way and that to avoid the bear's lunging paws. The table was upturned in the mêlée.

"*Vite! Vite!*" shouted the watchers anxiously from places of safety.

Certainly Monsieur Jollie showed courage and dexterity. In a moment he had retreated behind the next table, and was again dodging . . . for his life. The game of hide-and-seek went on, the mayor always just one step quicker than the beast. But each step was backwards. In retreat. Where would it end? Only one table remained, and beyond that was a wall that marked the boundary of the café along the street. The bear lunged forward once more, clumsily overturning the table—the mayor was fast tiring and purple-faced.

"Courage! Courage!" the voices sounded again, unhelpfully.

OTHER watchers concentrated more wisely on the bear, hurling threats calculated to frighten off the beast. But the bear seemed deaf to all abuse and entreaty.

It was intent only in knocking the head off the shoulders of Monsieur le Maire.

Monsieur Jollie had retreated behind the ast line of defence and his back was to the wall. He held only a fragile chair—a useless weapon against a mad bear. Many of the women at the windows covered their heads with their aprons—"it was the end" . . . but Monsieur Jollie had died fighting bravely, no one could deny that. He had shown courage worthy of the Mayor of Bayenne.

Bruno kicked over the last table, and rearing up to his full height, raised a paw to deliver the *coup de grâce—Mon Dieu!*

But at that moment Jo, the stray, appeared as if by a miracle from behind the wall. An unarmed David faced Goliath. In a shrill piping voice the boy shouted at the bear.

It was a miracle, of course, there could not possibly be any other explanation. As the mayor crouched and awaited his end and the watchers fell silent, hardly daring to look, Bruno dropped his great paw to his side and cringed away, obedient to the boy's command.

The bear was at once docile, even hangdog, when Jo ran forward and seized the dangling chain. As soon as safety was assured, the people swarmed like bees from the houses and shops. There was a great clamour and shouts of—"Bravo! Bravo! *C'est magnifique!*"

Reaching the café the crowd stood gazing, at first a little awe-struck with wonder at the sudden change of events. Perhaps those who did not like Monsieur le Maire were secretly a little disappointed, but in the heat of the excitement nearly all had hurled abuse and admonishment at the bear . . . in French, and Flemish and Breton *patois*.

It was only when the boy had spoken to the beast . . . why, of course . . . that was it . . . the boy had cried—in Italian.

It was an Italian bear. Did not all brown bears come from the mountains of Italy? Why, of course, how foolish that no one had thought of shouting at the bear in the only language the beast understood!

"Bravo! Clever one—*petit Italiano!* The people shouted as they jostled closer to get a better look at the boy whose courage and quick wit had saved the life of Monsieur le Maire, and prevented yet another august head from rolling in the dust of France.

The gendarme had come forward and tugged the sprawling mayor to his feet. Seated again in a chair, he regained a little of his official dignity, and mopped the cold sweat from his brow with a voluminous handkerchief. The serving woman came fluttering from the café with a reviving drink, and soon the mayor was pushing forward, the gendarme making a way for him through the crowd.

"*Attention!* Make room for Monsieur le Maire."

The boy was completely hidden by the throng.

"*Vive le Maire!*" a man shouted as Monsieur Jollie gained the boy's side, and the cry was taken up and encored.

The mayor put both his plump hands on Jo's shoulders, at the same time keeping a watchful eye on the bear, cowering now on all fours.

"*Mon brave garçon! Mon brave garçon!*" was all he could utter as great tears of gratitude streamed down his cheeks. The serving woman ran out again from the café, this time bearing a long crusted loaf which she thrust into Jo's hand. He seized it and ate ravenously while the crowd watched him as if they had never seen a boy eat before. The loaf quickly disappeared, but Jo was careful to tuck a piece of the bread into his pocket—there was supper to be thought of.

AT this moment the keeper of the bear, the dwarf Grott, made a belated and breathless appearance. In halting French he explained how the bear had broken its chain and run berserk. He could not understand it, he gesticulated wildly with his hands, he swore such a thing had never happened before. Taking the bear's chain from the boy, he swore at the beast, and spat in its face, then stood there almost as ashamed as the wooden-faced Bruno.

The mayor spoke to the dwarf: "Tell the boy that I will give him anything he asks for. Has he not saved my life?"

"Bravo! Bravo!" backed up the townsfolk. A breathless silence followed while all craned forward and the dwarf and the boy held a muttered conversation. Grott wore an oily and slit-eyed smile and showed a row of ugly teeth as he interpreted.

"The boy says he would like to go to the circus and that he wants all the children in the town to go with him. . . ." The dwarf tittered. "But, of course, the little Italian boy has no money."

The crowd chattered its approval—it would perhaps empty the mayor's pocket but that was his affair. The children in the street danced in eager anticipation of Monsieur Jollie's answer.

The mayor held up his hand for silence.

"Certainly I will pay for all the children to go to the circus performance . . . out of the town's coffers."

The town of Bayenne was already heavily taxed, the new sewers had not yet been paid for. A groan escaped from those who did not favour the mayor, but Monsieur Jollie's supporters were many—"*Vive le Maire! Vive le petit Jo!* It is right that we should honour the hero of Bayenne."

"*Grazie, Grazie,*" the little Italian dwarf elbowed his way making his exit obsequiously through the crowd, dragging the bear behind him, while the children booed and hissed the villain of the piece.

Monsieur Jollie took Jo by the hand and led him proudly to the big white house at the top of the street. There he sent for a draper to bring the boy new clothes, but when Jo had put them on he carefully rolled up his tattered garments and refused to part with them.

"This little one is as provident as he is quick-witted and full of courage. Let him keep his rags——" The mayor patted Jo's thin cheek affectionately.

ON the fair ground Signor Romano was busily supervising the setting up of the circus for the evening performance. He was a great man, was Romano . . . everyone hurried to his commands, even the wilful Gilda and his enormous wife Marion. First of all there was the job of unpacking. The great poles were dragged out and lashed to the vans, and masses of flapping canvas were stretched from one to the other so that a huge tent was constructed. Inside a miniature arena was roped off and sawdust sprinkled on the ground.

That night the big tent was packed to overflowing and little Jo sat in grand state with the Mayor of Bayenne by the ringside.

The performance went with a swing under the watchful eye and grand direction of Signor Romano. All the "broken doll" tragedy of the procession of mid-day vanished with the going down of the sun and as the stars spangled the night sky. The flares in the tent, the smell of sawdust and canvas brought the circus to life. The spirit of the circus danced with a lively flame.

Act followed act without a single hitch and the band of five played tirelessly, perspiring, unabashed. But throughout there was a feeling of tension and expectation for the great bear Bruno had not appeared.

"Where is the bear?" at last someone shouted. "The bear! The bear!"—everyone in the tent took up the cry.

As the smoking flares began to run out of naphthalene Bruno shuffled into the ring and started to dance to the music on his hind feet. For a time he whirled and gyrated—then suddenly he stopped. The dwarf Grott had not come into the ring with the beast. No one was in the ring, not even Romano. The band stopped. There was a moment of deathless silence . . . the suddenly perspiring mayor gripped Jo's hand gratefully—he was glad he sat by the stray.

Was the great beast going to run berserk again? In the tightly packed tent blood would be shed, many would be killed. An audible shudder ran round the ring.

But Bruno was in a good and contrite mood. He gazed round the ring and recognizing Jo, he shuffled towards the boy and bowed low on all fours, placing his head sorrowfully between his front feet. It was grand—terrific—magnificent. Every man, woman and child rose to cheer as Jo smiled shyly. And Monsieur Jollie smiled with relief.

At last the lights flickered and went out. In the darkness Jo withdrew his hand from that of Monsieur le Maire and slipped away into the night under the flaps of the big tent.

AT midnight, a kilometre out of the sleeping town where the poplars whispered secrets on the night breezes to the shadows, a little imp crept out from a ditch. It was Jo. *Le brave petit garçon.* The boy hero of Bayenne.

In the middle of the road he stood in the darkness, munching at the crust he had saved. His frail little body was trembling. The great lion-headed trees and the macabre hooting of the prick-eared owls always frightened the boy—the tamer of mad bears.

And then suddenly another figure started from the shadows on the other side of the road and a man strode forward. The moon appeared from behind a curtain of cloud, spot-lighting the figure of (*Continued on page* 60)

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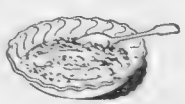

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Romano Francesco Colleoni. It was a spectacular and expertly timed entry. But Signor Romano was at all times the perfect showman.

Jo gave a cry, as he turned and saw the grand Romano towering above him. For a moment the boy and Romano stood silently side by side in a ring of moonlight. Then the ringmaster spoke in a throaty, low-pitched whisper:

"It was a good act . . . *mon brave garçon.*" A caustic note crept into his voice as he uttered the French words, and it was not lost to the ears of the boy. He trembled more violently as he looked up at Romano with round and frightened eyes. When Signor Romano was angry. . . .

Romano's voice rose to a threatening tone——

"You leave your entrance late . . . remember you little fool that Bruno grows old, and the older he grows the more stupid and impatient a beast he becomes . . . today you were almost too late, in another moment the bear would have knocked off the head of Monsieur le Maire—and then. . . ."

"Then? What would have happened then, Signor?" Jo broke in, fearful, yet eager to know the worst.

The evenings takings had been excellent. Romano had spent the last half-hour stacking the silver and copper coins neatly away into a tin chest, which he kept in his van, and on which the Most Ferocious Lion in Captivity slept peacefully each night. The circus proprietor, in spite of his feigned anger, felt indulgent towards the white-faced boy.

"Why, little one," he replied, "I should have picked it up and stuck it on again."

The boy, though naïve, was cunning and quick to take advantage of his master's mellow mood.

"You will not forget your promise when I grow up to be a big man like you, Signor?" His eyes lighted with hope.

The showman's beetling black brows shot upwards and his eyes widened.

"And what have I promised you, little Jo?" he said, as if surprised.

"That one day you will make me Master of the Elephants," the boy's thin voice piped up proudly.

"Oh, that!" said Romano, as if suddenly recollecting. "*Si, si,* why, of course. When Signor Romano Francesco Colleoni makes a promise it is a promise. Am I not second cousin of Lorenzo the Magnificent?"

The boy was about to speak again, but Romano silenced him with a theatrical flourish of his long-fingered hands.

"Perhaps if you are a good boy and your 'act goes well in Basque, where you will journey quickly tonight, I shall make you ringmaster and you will wear a fine uniform like myself, and a moustache like mine. . . . And perhaps. . . ."

"I only want to be Master of the Elephants," said Jo, stemming his master's egotistic generosity and flow of eloquence.

"Very well," Signor Romano shrugged his shoulders and sounded a little disappointed at his protégé's lack of ambition. "If that is all you want to be. . . . But I warn you that you will never become Master of the Elephants if you come in late on your act and Bruno foolishly knocks off someone's head."

"You said you would stick it on again, Signor," said the boy, believingly.

"That is true enough," answered Romano grandly, throwing out his chest.

"Signor can do anything?" the boy asked with quivering lips.

"*Si, si,* that is also true," boasted Romano, showing a fine set of teeth, liberally studded with gold fillings.

TO the boy Romano looked more magnificent than before as moonlight poured down from above, silvering the shabby epaulets on the shoulders of his uniform of a General of the Zouaves, and flashing on the two rows of buttons down a chest skilfully stuffed with half a sack of straw.

Jo's fertile mind slipped ahead through the years. The branches of the trees lit up by the moon from above cast wiry shadows that swung and swayed, and criss-crossed the white surface of the road—like the bracing wires in the big tent and the trapeze lit by flares. And in the darkness all around he imagined the crowds packed tightly. He stood there proudly, side by side with the great Romano in the centre of the ring while the ringmaster announced his act in sonorous tones.

"This is Jo—the greatest Master of Elephants In The World . . . East or West, North or South."

Carried away by his thoughts, Jo was about to make a deep bow when he caught sight of Romano's eyes glaring at him. The greasepaint on Romano's face had run, and the beeswax fixing the magnificent military moustache had lost its grip, allowing the hair to droop like strands of spaghetti. But nothing could rob Signor Romano of his grandeur. Jo looked up at him with wonder and worship mingled with fear, and his knees began to tremble again.

Romano was anxious for the boy to start on his journey, for the circus would move after him as soon as he had appeared in the next town some kilometres distant. And the Fat Lady, his wife Marion, was not "very pleasant" if he left her alone too long in the van with The Most Ferocious Lion in Captivity.

He bared his teeth, they were sharply pointed like those of a wolf to give him a more ferocious appearance in the spotlights of the ring.

"When I am really hungry," he growled, lowering his face to the level of Jo's, "I eat small boys—they are sweet like the red apples inside them."

Jo did not wait. He slunk away into the shadows cast by the now friendly and concealing poplars, and his bare feet could be heard padding quickly along the road that led to the next town. It would be exciting, he thought, to see Signor Romano stick a man's head back on his shoulders, but if he were late in his act with Bruno he would never become Master of the Elephants.

And the old clown with blue eyes, the friendly Matteo, who limped because his feet were sore, had often told him that the show must go on. . . .

END

# Television's Personality Problem (*Continued from page 9*)

television overworks its discoveries, or puts them into the wrong kind of show. W. J. Brown, for example, is a wonderful member of the *In The News* team, and a powerful TV personality, but he makes far from the ideal player of a childish panel game. Mr. Slater, telling the viewers stories is fine—to those who are not allergic to the sound of cockney—but when he brings the same personality to bear on a straight part in a serial, calling himself "Johnny" and using his own call-off sign, it is not nearly so satisfactory. Jeanne Heal, who can deal with the often painful subjects of her *Case-books* with sympathy and tact, was strikingly wrong in a recent Elizabethan caper, speaking arch olde-worlde English and acting all over the place.

Most of us recognize personality on the TV screen when we see it, though we don't always agree to like what we see. The opinions of viewers are sharply divided as to the appeal of Gilbert Harding, Terry-Thomas, Joan Gilbert and Eamonn Andrews, yet few would deny they are clear-cut TV personalities. Some viewers rush to switch on a programme containing Ronnie Waldman or Vic Oliver; others rush to switch it off. Some people are irritated by Philip Harben and Sir Mortimer Wheeler; others simply dote on them. The fact that all these performers arouse violent emotions of one kind or another is a tribute to their personality value; they may be idolized, they may be hated, but they simply can't be overlooked.

Probably the best-liked personality in British television is Richard Dimbleby, in whose hands we feel safe, on whose tact and ingenuity we can rely, who manifestly works so hard for our pleasure, and mixes good manners with good fellowship in such exact proportions. That broad figure in the bulky overcoat is as much a person to us as our next-door neighbour. I sincerely trust the B.B.C. is training up at least half a dozen understudies for Dimbleby, for it seems unlikely that any one man will ever do what he does so capably again.

As we have reason to know, apparent amiability of disposition is not essential to success as a TV personality, but pleasantness is a quality demanded by the B.B.C. of its commentators and announcers. I once asked an official of the Presentation Department what qualities a girl must have in order to be picked for an announcer's job. Broadly speaking, he told me, they were these:

A voice that holds you.
An interesting face.
Good memory.
A sincere manner.
Poise.
Rockbottom common sense for dealing with emergencies.

Oddly enough, unusually good looks appear to be rather an embarassment than an advantage in an announcer. The great thing is that she should be able to enter easily and comfortably into other people's homes, just like any other friend who has dropped in after dinner. It is bad manners for her to come over-dressed or under-dressed, and an excessively glamorous woman seems out of place in the majority of sitting-rooms.

The B.B.C. likes its announcers to look "trim, neat and modest." It likes them to speak in a voice which is acceptable, and seems unaffected, in any sort of household in any part of the country. At first sight this might seem to iron out all individuality; but in practice it doesn't work out that way. Nobody can say that Mary Malcolm or McDonald Hobley is lacking in individual personality.

I have sometimes wondered why, for certain programmes, older announcers are not brought in, just as young Jennifer Gaye—there were so many tears shed when she went off to study ballet—was so successfully, for so many years, the special guide and friend of children of all ages. Elderly men, in particular, have a wonderful knack with the T-Viewers when they have the knack at all. Sir Compton Mackenzie, for instance, sets every viewer at his ease. So does Fred Streeter; and nobody who heard him has ever forgotten the late Algernon Blackwood's peerless way with a short story.

Personality that is acceptable on television is not so far different from personality that is acceptable in private life. There are certain people who are instinctively welcome in our homes; others whom we wouldn't have at any price. The TV camera is like an X-ray; it penetrates to the very thought in the mind of the visitor; shows whether he is really honest, sympathetic, unselfconscious, friendly, interesting in himself, and interested in us, and anxious to fit into our small family circle. It is practically impossible to fool the TV camera, which is quick to show up the smallest sign of patronage or insincerity; as many a celebrated stage and film performer has discovered to his cost.

END

# Glass (*Continued from page 20*)

Within a very short time the new enterprise was flourishing. Orders for thousands of pounds' worth of decorated glass came from America. Commissions from members of the Royal Family and Sir Winston Churchill followed. When Lord Audley took his wares to Paris, a dealer said "I hadn't heard of a new studio in Paris." Told that the glass was made in London, he was sceptical. "Nothing like this comes out of London nowadays."

Lord Audley is responsible for most of the designs himself; gets inspiration wherever he finds it—an Adam ceiling, a Greek frieze or a Flemish tapestry. Each design is drawn freehand on to the glass, with no tracing or stamping. The artist draws the outline in pen and then fills in, giving an embossed effect.

Although colours are often used, perhaps the most lovely is "white glass," the design being painted in white, the most difficult medium of all. "This style calls for great purity of design. But nothing gleams so gorgeously at the banqueting table against fine linen and rare silver, as white glass," says his Lordship.

The Audley workshop, filled with fairy-like goblets, wine glasses and brandy balloons glimmers and gleams, but the most impressive process is the firing. Into the great ovens, heated to 500 degrees centigrade, go trays of intricately-traced glass vessels like delicate jewels. After three hours they are removed without a crack. There is seldom a breakage, which makes one wonder about the breakages in one's own home.

All these exciting designs are, of course, permanent. After firing the pattern is set, being now fused into the glass itself.

Only certain sorts of glass are suitable for this highly skilled craft, but much of it comes from the famous Waterford Glass Works.

Waterford glass, so well known and loved in the past, has come into the English market again in a general way apart from Lord Audley's use of it. The original factory closed down a hundred years ago, when faced by difficult conditions in Ireland, and even then Waterford glass was highly treasured and examples of it became showpieces throughout the world.

Although the new Waterford factories are equipped with the most modern plant, the traditional shapes are used as far as possible. There is a practical as well as an aesthetic reason for this. The wide bowl of a champagne cup allows the largest volume of the wine to contact the glass. This makes it bubble. The brandy bowl with its closed top captures and concentrates the bouquet, and so on with each special glass, whether for port, wine, hock or humble beer.

This gracious, traditional glasswear is in a class above fear of competition from contemporary designs, although, because much of it is functional as well as graceful, it is often mistaken for "modern."

Designer Stennett Wilson believes that people will buy well-designed glasswear as fast as they can get it, and it is up to the factories to give us the same beautiful forms which English craftsmen made famous centuries ago. Much of the heavily cut stuff which came into the country in prewar days was of such poor quality and so blemished that it had to be covered in "cut-glass" style to hide it.

My choice of a handsome gift that will become an heirloom is a piece of Waterford glass decorated by Lord Audley's craftsmen.

END

# Come Wind Or Weather

(*Continued from page 11*)

fashionable in wool materials this year will flatter her height.

Perhaps the keystone of a small, smart winter wardrobe is a warm suit. Not the chunky kind that feels uncomfortable under a fur coat. There are many smooth-face wools which are warm, too.

For winter the straight skirted suit is by far the better buy. Under a long coat it will leave you streamlined. Keep full or circular pleated skirts for the spring when they can be worn without a coat. Short fur coats, hip-length duffle coats and winterweight jackets have everything in their favour, but only with a well-cut skirt.

If you are not well suited by a fur coat—they are not necessarily becoming because they *are* fur—choose a good cloth coat plus the good sense of a woollen lining. The two together will keep you as warm as a fur coat any day. If you have never had a wool-lined coat you will be astonished at the difference between this and silk. The excellent new fur fabrics, quilted satins or gay coloured flannels are a true blessing for women who travel around a lot. This type of overcoat is often more comfortable to wear than a bulky fur coat.

Fur collars are fashionable and extremely flattering if the right type of fur is adopted. Again, women of smaller stature should shun the long-haired fur collars which span the shoulders. Smooth, flat furs which "tailor" are for their choice.

Colour, cut, fabric—teamed together these things give us an outward sign of well being. But they are not in themselves enough to complete a wise plan for really cold weather. One essential factor in dressing well against the cold concerns what goes on underneath.

Warm underwear is no longer a threat to glamour but today can be called lingerie along with the best of silks and satins. The bulkiness of wool underwear is no guarantee of warmth, though heavy woollies underneath are a sure-fire finish to an elegant outline.

Lightweight wool undies are just as warm as heavy ones and the most recent and satisfactory discovery of science is that lacey things are even warmer than closely woven ones. It is all to do with currents of air reaching the skin surface and assisting it to breathe, thus stimulating the work of the circulation. So take comfort, literally, in the thought that the lightest of wool vests and slim-fitting panties—so long as they *are* wool—will keep you cosy and elegantly trim.

END

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# Helena Rubinstein

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# The Time Of Roses (*Continued from page 14*)

above wrinkled faces, exactly as they were.

"For instance," the blond genius resumed, in a tone now sharpened by real dislike, real distaste, as if, by showing the ugliness of its objects, he meant to destroy any traces of pity which might be thawing his companions' hearts, "That old mummy in spats who's just sat down on the sofa next to the woman in the grey hat—can you, honestly, call him *alive?*"

The low, carrying voice was perfectly produced and now it was edged by disgust. With extreme discomfort and vicarious pain, I heard every word. I did not stir. To move, to glance uneasily at my companion, would have made matters so much worse that I hardly dared to breathe, but sat, hands crossed in my lap, letting my eyes move easily, interestedly, about the room while my lips grew stiff in the curve of an amiable smile.

The sofa upon which we were sitting was pressed down at its far end by the weight of the man resting there. More by guessing than by actual sight, for I did not dare even to glance down at my own hands, I saw his legs, stiffly extended before him and covered in shiny brown cloth which hung about their thinness in folds. The fawn spats, emphasized by the boy, half-covered a pair of brown shoes patched at the sides and shining like new chestnuts. Presently, now laughing again, the three young people moved away.

In a moment one of the women with a tray of drinks paused in front of us, and, turning to take one (which I needed), I not only saw my companion's face, but was addressed by him, on the subject of the drinks and which kind I preferred. When we had made our choice, and were sitting in silence again, I retained a most vivid picture of the face at which I was no longer looking; its long, square shape, deep yellow tint, and forehead high as that of the young genius who had condemned it.

THE mouth was set in lines of firmness which time and age seemed to have made mechanical rather than instinctive. The grey eyes, which must once have been large with youth, were dim under drooping lids. My companion was noticeably shabby and noticeably well-groomed; his shirt looked like thin snow against his wrinkled neck, his dry hands were white.

Presently he said something polite about the party, and I, not too eagerly, agreed. We went on to the news of the day, turning so that we faced one another in our corner, and soon I was gently receiving more impressions. If a negative characteristic can be said to convey personality, then I would say that *his* most noticeable quality was a lack of animation; a woodenness; a deficiency, as the boy had said, of life.

Yet his manner was neither self-conscious nor nervous, and after we had been talking for a little while I realized that he was something which one does not care to mention aloud nowadays in public places: a gentleman. The fact explained (so I thought then) why he had been able to ignore so successfully the appalling remark which we had overheard. Or had he not, after all, overheard it?

His remarks, scanty in quantity and colourless in theme, were noticeable only for their lack of the self-absorption often found in the talk of old people, and again I thought that this was accounted for by his breeding. But there was another quality in how he spoke which I found less easy to place. Formality? Self-effacement? I could not fit it with the precise word.

Yet, if one listened and watched with unobtrusive attention (as I am fond of doing) one detected it, and it added a faint flavour to the stiff, dry, dull front which he presented that afternoon to the little world of old acquaintances gathered in the Hampstead drawing-room. I decided, rather to my own surprise, that he had been used to unusually "good society"; far better, in fact, than the best now in the room.

But when he had finished his drink I saw that a certain look about his rigid mouth, which I had seen settling there like a faint shadow since I had turned to face him, had become more marked, exactly as a bruise comes out after a lapse of time upon hurt flesh. I wondered if the alcohol, in warming his thin old blood, had also banished the numbness which often freezes the emotions of unusually sensitive people after a blow . . . and, frankly, I hoped that he would not start really talking . . . I did not want to hear an attack upon the manners of modern youth, leading by way of the degeneracy of the public schools to the problem of the cosh-boys, and, determined not to be thus embarrassed, I resolved to leave. I had got so far as putting its glove on to my left hand when, with sinking heart, I heard him speak.

"My hearing is still good."

I simply ignored it. It was going to be too painful: I could not bear that look about his mouth; and I busied myself with pulling on my second glove while staring idly about the room. Then he spoke again, and although what he said was so unexpected as to provoke my interest against my will, it also had the sinister marks of a question which may lead into morasses of boredom.

"Do you know the Black Sea—at all?"

"No——" I was quickly, but not ostentatiously, arranging my veil, "is that the one . . . which one is that? There are so many little seas down there."

"The Aegean, the Sea of Marmora, the Ligurian, the Adriatic," he said, and for the first time his face creased in a smile that showed false teeth too large and too white, "No, the *Black* Sea is between Russia, Turkey, Bulgaria and Rumania. I lived on the shores of the Black Sea once, every summer, for six years."

"Did you? How interesting." I now had my gloved hands resting on the bag in my lap; I was sitting upright, with my veil freshly arranged over my nose, and if ever a woman looked on the point of departure, I did.

"When I was a young man, yes. Before 1914."

Those two incantatory words, which by their mere sound can summon up what is loosely, and yet truly, called a vanished world; words which grow increasingly strong in compelling, nostalgic power as our contemporary world reels deeper into barbarism; those words performed their usual spell.

I turned to him—and found nothing to say, because the flushed and inexpressive face was marked, faintly but unmistakably, by emotions which had risen from the depths of its owner; risen so often, and so many times been denied expression, that now they were only stumps, mere ghosts of feelings—but ghosts, like those once fêted in Ancient Greece, who were hungry for expression, even as those were deemed hungry for oil and honey and wine.

"Yes. From 1900 to 1906 I was tutor to two boys, the sons of one of the kings down there."

IT was said without humour. I suppose that to a young man who had got his ideas of Monarchy from the last days of Queen Victoria, and the Diamond Jubilee, when England ruled the waves and the world, too, the kings of the Balkans would naturally seem small fry indeed.

I leaned back against the curved support of our sofa, keeping my face towards him, and murmured, "How very interesting," dragging the small lure of the word in front of him more as a sop to his formal good manners than for any other reason—for it was as plain to me as if he had said so, that he meant to feed his hungry ghosts on my attention and, since I had seen them in his face, I was content to foot their bill.

"That is my profession. I am—I was—a private tutor." He put two thin yellow fingers inside his coat, and brought out a card-case whose thick silver gleamed blue in the lamplight, "but of late years I have been coaching boys for the public examinations. Very stupid they are, too. I have noticed a swift and steady decline in intelligence and power of application since the 1930s."

His tone was pedagogic and cold. I looked at the stiff white card he was holding out to me. *Mr. Jocelyn Allen.* An unusual and romantic Christian name for such a dry stick. It must, surely, have influenced his outlook and his conduct? I felt certain, at any rate, that it was a *Christian* name; that it had been marked in water upon his brow in a church, and not merely entered on a birth certificate in some town hall.

HE returned the card to its case. "Yes, boys were cleverer, before 1914—even boys who belonged to ordinary families. My pupils, the sons of the king, were both clever; the elder, Alexander, perhaps the cleverer of the two. They were little chaps when I first went to them, rather solemn and shy. It wasn't a good life for boys, you know; too much money, not enough sense of their responsibilities and duties, too much—how shall I put it? They were beginning to grow up too quickly; that was what struck me first of all about them, and there were too many women in their lives. Not that"—he made me a little bow—"I mean anything discourteous to your sex. But Alexander and Boris (Boris was the younger; I made quite a decent bowler out of him, in the end) were beginning to need a man to keep them in order and to give them manly interests.

"Their father didn't care about them, you see. There were all kinds of reasons for that, and then their mother was perpetually meddling and intriguing in the political affairs of the country, and *she* looked on the poor little beggars as—er—pawns in the game, if I make myself clear? And she had no end of ladies-in-waiting and women friends who all had a finger in the pie, too. So the boys had no one, really, no one who honestly cared how they grew up. But I was able to help a little, after I went to them. I have always been glad about that."

His fingers went inside his coat again; this time, they brought out a case, worn and shabby and with the gilt rubbed from the initials in one corner, but made from fine leather and, like his card case, most carefully tended. He took from it some letters, with the rubbed creases and faded ink of such relics, written in the spidery hand of the Continent and having a signature of royal clearness and size.

"Boris kept in touch with me until fairly recently . . . 1937 in fact. Then there was an assassination—you may remember?—and a 'purge,' as they call it now, and many arrests. I haven't heard for over fifteen years, though I have written more than once." He replaced the letters carefully. His lips moved, then he stilled them, and there was a pause before he again spoke. I thought he might have been going to say that he would have liked to go down to his Black Sea, to find what had happened to the favourite pupil, but could not afford the fare. However, he said nothing about that.

"It's a long time, I suppose," he said in a moment, "fifteen years—although on some days I don't feel it so.

"We three became great pals. I taught them to play cricket—a straight bat, and no stabbing the bowler when he ran you out, and I persuaded their parents to let them take long walks with me. That got their weight down (their mother and her friends were always giving them sweets). And we went climbing together, in some of the easier mountains. I believe in plenty of exercise; always have. It gets rid of a lot of trouble . . . and I was twenty-six in those days, and never tired."

He broke off again. The room was still full, for Mrs. Floyd's guests did not enjoy so much social life that they could afford to leave a party before they had sucked from it the last drop of entertainment, but no one was taking any notice of Mr. Allen and me. I suppose we did not look as if we "did" anything. I waited: . (*Continued on page 64*)

# Sail Away . . . (*Continued from page 30*)

air, sunshine and no effort at all what better could you do than sail to Madeira (four and half days at sea), bask in the incomparable winter sunshine there for ten days and then sail home? If the sun basking has a special appeal and you decide to spend longer on the spot you could fly one way. Aquila flying boats go direct from Southampton in eight hours.

Choosing the destination and the type of ship is an enjoyable agony with so much offered. Shall it be a romantic freighter to Cyprus? A swish liner to Rio, or the last word in motor ships to Teneriffe? All the vessels look so inviting and all the sun-drenched places so irresistible!

But what goes on in the cruise liner? It all depends on you. Life can be a round of deck sports, swimming, dancing and fraternizing, or it can be spent more restfully between sun-deck, bar and dining-saloon. On the first day out card players are asked to give their names, disposing of some peoples' entertainment problem right away.

Swimming seldom starts until after the ship leaves Lisbon. Not all liners have warmed pools and northern waters are apt to be chilly in winter. But deck tennis and other sports begin right away. All ships have libraries, radio and film shows as well as concerts and dancing at night. Such entertainments are, of course, free and the only extras on board are drinks, duty-free cigarettes, laundry, hairdressing and the doctor's services if needed.

On the more luxurious cruises clothes are an item to be reckoned with. You may consider yourself as staying in a luxury hotel where standards are high and competition in clothes is fairly acute.

For the first two days out a warm suit will suffice. Afterwards, when the crew have changed into whites, the dress parade will start in earnest.

First thing in the morning you will need a sun frock with a jacket. It is *not* the thing to appear at breakfast, or lunch, in shorts. "Elevenses" brings the time to change into brief sun clothes, but lunch is more formal again and a change into a cotton dress is indicated even if you change again into briefs for the afternoon doze on deck. At tea, or early cocktails, many women wear silk afternoon dresses, though a pretty cotton will do. Dinner calls quite definitely for evening dress except on the first night at sea which is informal.

The number of dresses needed naturally depends on the length of the cruise. For a month on a luxury liner at least four evening dresses are necessary unless you are very strong-minded about such things. Two or three sunsuits and as many afternoon frocks are a minimum.

Boat decks are apt to be breezy and a light, warm coat to go over thin dresses is advisable. Remember, too, that frilly things and floating appendages are not at their best when wind-blown. Choose trim clothes, light, low-heeled shoes and very sturdy ones for sight-seeing ashore.

The ship's laundry is expensive, but nylon "smalls" can be washed in the cabin. Practically all ships now have passengers' ironing-rooms. Stewards will give the utmost service, but naturally the more individual the service the greater the obligation to increase the gratuity. There is for this reason no rigid ruling about tipping. Very roughly they average ten per cent of the passage money divided between dining-saloon, cabin and deck stewards, but apportioning the money depends upon the personal service rendered by each. The purser will always give guidance on tricky points of this nature.

In fact, if you adapt the rule familiar ashore of "ask a policeman" and ask the purser instead, he will iron out all the little problems which life aboard ship may present to the uninitiated.

END

# Beauty (*Continued from page 23*)

picks up the blue in the "white" of the eyes, giving them brilliance.

What of the second group of current fashionable colours, the lime greens and acid yellows which drain the colour from the complexion; the beige-to-cognac shades which produce a neutral-all-over effect?

Strangely enough, the acid yellow-greens will suit women with sallow skins remarkably well, so long as they add warmth to the complexion with a beige-pink toned powder such as Goya's new Riviera or Dorothy Gray's Midnight suite. Clear fair skins should be made up to enhance the translucent quality of the skin. Then accent on eyes and lips will make the fashion colour a setting for the make-up and not be submerged by it. Olive green, though easier to wear than the lime greens, is better for a make-up warm, without being too pink because of its yellow overtones.

Then what about the reds, including the cranberry shade that came from Paris this winter? Wherever possible, when wearing varieties of red, it is best to match the lipstick to the colour worn. In this case, the lipstick should be a rich blue-red. But the darker blue-reds can look very heavy on women of delicate colouring, so adjust the tone of the lipstick to suit your natural colouring. Max Factor does this for you by making three versions of each of his reds, including the blue-red, one for blondes, one for brunettes and one for the in-betweens.

Black is the perennially fashionable colour, which is much less "safe" than it is casually assumed to be. Black does, in fact, throw the complexion into strong contrast so that any natural lack of colour and transparency must be compensated by make-up. Turn pallid complexions into creamy ones with something like Helena Rubinstein's Light Peaches and Cream foundation and powder; give warmth to sallow skins with Dark Peaches and Cream foundation and Pink Champagne powder. Accent the eyes and use a light-toned lipstick to suit your complexion colour group, with a bias towards pinky red.

END

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in the pause I expected, at last, some reference on his part to rheumatism or failing powers.

Up till now, almost the most surprising absence in his narrative had been just this. But none came; he only took up his monologue again, and now there had come into his voice a change.

"Every summer, we used to go down to a palace on the shores of the Black Sea. It was small, and made of marble, and the grounds, by Jove, they were magnificent. Full of all sorts of rare shrubs from the mountains, and jolly flowering trees, and lots and lots of flowers. There was a wall round it, shutting it off from the little port a mile or so away . . .

"But I never took the boys there; we kept to the gardens and the bathing beach below the palace—half a mile of it (private, of course) and the swimming—I've never seen such sands. We used to play cricket on them, and fish from a boat.

"We used to go down there in early summer. When we arrived, driving out in the carriage (no cars in those days, remember) from the little railway station twenty miles away, there would be all the staff, bowing in front of the palace in their bright clothes and all the roses would be in bud. It was smothered in roses, climbing up the columns and round the windows and growing along the terrace beds. I've never seen so many in one place; the chap who designed the garden must have liked them.

"All summer, we were never away from their scent, and the petals covered the marble terraces like coloured carpets. The boys used to rustle along in them as English children do in autumn leaves. It's strange, you know, while I was living there, I took the roses for granted, in a way; but since those days, after it was all over, I have often thought how unusual the place was. I suppose that one might call it romantic. I liked it very much down there, with the boys and the open-air life and the feeling that I was doing my duty. The only disadvantage was that sometimes it was lonely.

"So I just had to put up with my loneliness—or solitude; loneliness is too strong a word. But I found myself looking forward almost too much to my sister's letters from home. It wasn't until a . . . visitor . . . arrived at the little palace that I realized how lonely I had been.

"The last summer we ever spent there was unusually hot. By George, the roses were magnificent. The heat was so intense that they only lived for about a day after they were fully open, and overnight the gardeners used to sweep the fallen petals away.

"One evening, I was sitting in a kind of little summerhouse which I had rather a fancy for, when something made me look up from my book, and there was a lady coming down the terrace towards me under the lattice roof covered in climbing roses. The sun had set but the sky was still pink, and it made her white dress and her coat look the same colour as the roses overhead. Ladies had a great deal more hair, you know, in those days than they have now, and they dressed it so as to display it; this lady's hair was arranged on the top of her head in curls, and I remember thinking how the load of it made her face seem small, and that it was the same colour, a sort of silvery gold, as the moon that was rising over the sea. I got up, putting down my book and slipping my pipe into my pocket, and then——

"She spoke charming English. With an accent, of course, but not much; just enough to make what she said sound more charming. She introduced herself. If you will forgive me, I will not tell you who she was, because . . . but she told me that she was the youngest sister of the king, and that she had been living in Paris (that was why I had not seen her at court, in the capital) and that she had now come back to her own country.

"She was going to live in the capital, and take up the life of the court, and I gathered, even from that first conversation, that she did not want to.

"She sat beside me on the marble seat, and we talked about London. It seemed so strange to me, I remember: she had been to a match at Lord's. She asked me questions about cricket. When her lady-in-waiting came out to us, some time later, and we three walked back to the house together, I wondered how I had ever put up with my loneliness before they came."

He looked down at the gloves held between his hands for a time. Then the dry voice droned on:

"We had . . . some very happy times together. The boys were delighted to see their young aunt (the princess was only twenty-two).

"Every evening, after dinner, she would lead the way to the music room and we would try over the German songs and the old English ones . . . 'The Golden Vanity' was one of her favourites, and 'The Bailiff's Daughter Of Islington.'

He paused.

"And all the time, the roses were coming into flower; endlessly; overnight, so that when we pointed out the buds to one another while we walked in the gardens each evening, we would see them fully open when we walked there again in the early morning, before breakfast." Again he paused. "It was a happy time. Very, very happy. Speaking for myself, I have never felt like that again. And never before, of course. My life up till then had been ordinary. And since then it has been much like other peoples'. But during those two months, while she was there, it was not ordinary at all."

The silence that followed was the longest that had yet fallen between us. He was looking down at the limp gloves which he was slowly stretching and pleating between his knotted hands. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"She did me the honour to love me," he said, and he uttered the word, perhaps more often profaned in this age than in any other during the world's history, without hesitating, and he looked me in the eyes, almost fiercely as he said it.

I knew that he was deliberately casting aside habitual reticence; telling me a fact which—I could hear it in his voice—was as much an accepted part of his daily life as his poverty.

That note of wonder which I should have expected the circumstances of his story to bring into his tone was simply not there, and that was the instant at which I realized the truth and strength of what he felt. He was not dwelling on a memory. He was living in the love of a lifetime.

The gilt French clock on Mrs. Floyd's mantelshelf struck the half-hour, and he glanced at it; half absently and half with expression of the unpractical scholar who has, with much effort, trained himself to go out and sell the lesser part of his learning to earn a living.

He stood up and began to button his thick old overcoat pressing his lips together in the unlovely line into which some fifty years had changed the curve of a generous young mouth. I sat there, looking up at him with (I fear) my own slightly open. I wanted, so much, to ask him so many questions . . . and, of course, I could not ask one. And, of course, I was never again going to be shown any more of the treasure that he had half-revealed to me, neither this afternoon nor if he and I ever happened to meet again.

It had only been shown to me at all because the boy's agonizing stab had aroused an equally agonizing longing to defend himself. His eyes now once more wandered over me with the unconscious melancholy of old age.

"I will just go and find our hostess. . . ."

He nodded down at me, smiled faintly, then made a little bow, and turned away.

"Going already?" exclaimed my hostess, in absent but offended tones as I paused by her side, "why, I have hardly *seen* you! There were *masses* of people who wanted to meet you . . . and you were sitting in the corner with my Mr. Allen . . . so good of you. Poor old man, he's a bore . . . not the talkative kind . . . one does at least get a chance with him to talk about *oneself*, ha-ha . . . and not a very nice old man, either, I'm afraid.

"But I asked him because I thought it would be a little treat for him . . . he's so poor it isn't *true* . . . lives in one room, never goes anywhere . . . hardly sees a soul. I found him in the 'thrillers' section in the public library, of all places . . . and you know what I am for lame ducks . . . we chummed up. Well . . . if you must go, you must . . . but I wanted you to meet two brilliant young men . . . they've both gone, I'm afraid . . . but they were *quite* the most interesting people in the room."

END

# Make Your Own Lampshades

(*Continued from page* 33)

the shape of the frame. Cut out the material allowing ½-in. turnings along the curved sides but *no* turning on the straight ones Pin the short sides together, taking up ¼-in. turnings, and fit cover on frame, taking in more turnings at the narrower parts as necessary until the cover is a firm but not a tight fit. Tack, fit again and, if a good fit, machine. Cut away the turnings to ⅛ in., turn on to wrong side and press, then make a french seam ¼ in. wide.

When machining, stretch the material slightly, as if the stitching is tight the cover will pucker at the seam when stretched on the frame. The cover should now be a tight fit and have to be pulled on to the frame. The seam must fall on a wire. Pin the cover top and bottom on to the binding, putting in the pins at right angles to the bottom and top wires. See diagram No. 2. Stretch and repin until the cover is taut. Stitch the cover to the top and bottom wires, putting in the stitches at right angles to the wire. Trim the turnings left beyond the stitching to ½ in. wide. Turn back turning on bottom of cover, leaving an ¼-in. fold beyond wire. Sew on braid with slanting stitches about ⅜-in. apart, slanting them in from the underside so as to be invisible.

Snip the turning at the top of the shade about ¼ in. deep and ½ in. apart all round, turn back towards frame, leaving an ⅛ in. wide fold beyond the wire. Sew on braid.

For a plain shade like the yellow one sketched on page 32, the procedure for making and cutting the pattern is identical. When sewing the two edges of the material together, the seam will be of even width from top to bottom. Fit, pin, tack and fit again in the same way, before finishing.

The draped shade which is shown in the coloured photograph on page 32, is really simple. It is made of pink artificial silk furnishing taffeta for the underpart, and is draped with shell-pink silk ninon, finished with fringe and braid to tone. The taffeta underpart is made and sewn to the frame as for the fluted shade. Then comes the draping.

Cut out a length of ninon on the straight of the material, 3 ins. wider than the height of the frame and 1½ ins. longer than the measurement round the bottom wire of the frame. Join the short sides with a single seam. Gather one of the long sides ¼ in. from the edge (for the top). Slip the ninon over the taffeta-covered frame and pin loosely on to the bottom wire but taking up only ¼-in. turnings. Stitch on in the same way as for the taffeta exactly on top of the stitches in the taffeta. Draw the gathers up to fit the top of the frame and wind round a pin. Draw the ninon slantwise across the frame (about half-way round) until it is taut, pin and regulate the gathers. Finish off the gathering thread. Stitch ninon on, the stitches falling over stitches in taffeta. Trim turnings on taffeta to ½ in., turn back as for small lampshade (the raw edges of the ninon will be covered entirely); sew on fringe. Snip and turn down top turning and sew on braid.

END

# Beware!—Man At Work

(*Continued from page 17*)

I seem to collide frequently with my wife, who is making cakes. Strikes me that every other minute she is crossing the kitchen from one side to the other. In fact, everything seems to be in the most awkward positions. Why not arrange the various items in a more logical sequence to conform with the work in hand and cut out this wearisome crossing and recrossing of the kitchen?

To my wife's annoyance I sketch our kitchen as a circle, which it certainly is not. Explain that this is to show how to make the daily kitchen round in fact a round and not a criss-cross. The things required for cooking—namely food (mainly in the frig. and a store cupboard)—go, say, at the top of the circle. Moving clockwise, we make a working space or table, then the cooker and over this or beside it go the utensils required. Somewhere to put down cooked food carries us farther round the circle to a point roughly opposite where we started from, and this is the exit to the dining-room. Carrying on round the circle is the route of dirty plates and utensils to the sink and finally to the china store.

With a little rearrangement of existing furniture, our square kitchen would conform to this time-saving layout. But the sink and draining board layout looks inadequate; and, "Where do I do my 'book work'?" asks my wife.

**Sunday, a.m.**—Out to my workshop—which is in a shed in the garden—and back with some tools, it strikes me I could do with a little organizing myself. The old larder opening out of the kitchen and now used mainly for storage of bottled fruit and odds and ends, since the frig. looks after the bulk of the food, catches my eye. It is large and has a window. . . .

**p.m.**—Spend a happy hour mentally converting the old larder into a miniature workshop. It will have to be very carefully planned. But the idea is pleasing alike to my wife and to me. After all, it is so much more pleasant to work in the same room as it were, than one of us in a shed in the garden and the other in the kitchen. Decide to work out something better for her cookery books and things than a miserable shelf above the draining board. After all, her kitchen is also *her* office.

At this point the lights go out. Find a torch and replace the fuse. Out of the darkness again, put two cuphooks and a tool clip underneath the fuse box. Solder an old metal curtain ring to the base of a cheap torch and hang it on one cuphook. On the other hang a card of fuse wire, and put a small screwdriver in the tool clip.

**Monday.**—My wife now appears determined to get as much work done by me during my fortnight at home as possible. We move the kitchen furniture around. The room is square and as you enter it from the dining-room, the sink is on the right or window wall. The frig. stands in the far left corner, so we move a food storage cabinet to stand beside it and an oblong table from the centre of the room we put along the left-hand wall as a "work top" between frig. and cooker. Would like to move the latter a little but compromise by taking a cupboard from another room and putting this against the wall adjacent to the cooker. Inside go cooking utensils, and the top gives us somewhere convenient to the cooker on which to put cooked food—and convenient to the dining-room door, too.

The room looks a bit bare, particularly along the sink wall. A desk fitment and sink unit would be the thing here, but the cost appals. Perhaps I could make a reasonable alternative. Broach question of this to wife and also proposal to convert the old larder into a workshop. Agreed, provided some storage space is left for bottled fruit.

**Tuesday : Wednesday.**—Converting the old larder into a workshop proves surprisingly easy. Racks and clips go on the inside of the door and the main shelf is strengthened and a vice fixed in position. The other shelves remain and the bottled fruit stays on its shelves on the wall opposite the bench.

**Evening.**—Sketch out a rough design for a sink unit and desk to replace existing rather sketchy and by no means attractive-looking ensemble.

**Thursday—Friday.**—Embark on the sink unit—and by lunchtime Thursday wish I hadn't had such bright ideas. The basis is an old mahogany side-table affair, about six feet long and having drawers in the top. I buy a complete one-piece sink-cum-drainer fitment for about £7 and spend till nearly midnight fixing it into the framework of the table. My wife remarking that she likes the floor clear under the sink causes a hasty revision of my plan for boxing it in completely and a compromise is effected by using plywood as a decorative facing and incidentally to conceal the waste-pipe. Precious little now remains of the original piece of furniture except the drawers and top framework.

Fixing the whole thing in place is a headache, overcome by using vertical members of two by four timber plugged to the wall at one end—and a cantilever beam fixed into the wall at the right-hand end and resting on another support behind the decorative facing. The back of the fitment is plugged to the wall beneath the window.

I now have a plan for a desk fitment adjoining and fixed to the sink unit, where my wife can keep her papers and deal with the "kitchen correspondence."

**Saturday.**—The vacuum cleaner rack is working very well. But I still seem to meet my wife lugging all sorts of things up and down stairs. I don't count the vacuum cleaner, though it would be nice to have one for up and one for down, as it were.

But why carry so many things up and down stairs? I count: Item, a mop. Item, a broom. Item, a dustpan. Item, cleaning materials . . . and so on. There is a cupboard on the landing. Tool clips and cuphooks on the back of the door now hold a duplicate set of implements, a narrow wooden box (*Continued on page 67*)


## The Secretary Bird . . .

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# We're Thinking Only Of Joan

(*Continued from page 12*)

She watched him leave, then put down her cards. "Listen, you two," she said. She glanced at me but wasn't able to hold it. "Listen. I love you both. But if you don't stop that, you're. . . ."

"Stop what?" both the Fosters said.

"Stop *that*, you're going to be *persona non grata* around here," Joan went on quietly. "Now, I *mean* that."

She meant it, all right. I could tell that she meant it, and so could her folks. They were plainly worried, worried about the whole situation. And when we left the house together that evening, they appealed to me for help.

Would I do them a favour, a big favour, and talk to Mike?

"About what?"

"About abandoning these . . . impractical ventures of his," Mr. Foster said. "About meeting his responsibilities."

"And going out like other men," Mrs. Foster said, "and getting himself a regular salaried job."

I reminded them that it was Joan herself who wanted it this way. Mike would probably dig ditches, if necessary, I said. But it wasn't necessary. "Sooner or later, he'll get something," I said.

"Mark my words, that girl is going to collapse one of these days," Mrs. Foster said. "We aren't thinking of anything else. We're thinking only of Joan."

They looked at each other, the worry still plain on their nice, pleasant faces. I hadn't changed their minds an iota, I knew. They had wanted my help, or, at least, my moral support, but in the end, I knew, as they thanked me and said good night, in the end they would do exactly as they themselves decided to do.

It wasn't long before they got their chance. A month or so later Joan got pretty ill. Went down with a temperature one day and couldn't get out of bed. Mike got the doctor from across the street, and he thought at first it was pneumonia and was going to rush her to the hospital, but then it turned out to be just another bad case of flu.

The Fosters moved in. They were there for nearly two weeks, day and night. Mr. Foster came down after work. They brought in their own doctor, not liking the one Mike had got. They brought their own medicines, their own food. "Mother! Dad! Please! It isn't necessary," Joan kept protesting. But she was very weak, flat on her back; what could she do?

And as for Mike—well, I was down there a couple of times to see the patient, and, believe me, much as my sympathy was with her, it was more with him. No office to go to, not able to work at home, he could just hang around all day. Sit there. Run errands. Mike, will you go to the chemist? . . . the butcher? . . . the dairy? . . .

It came as no surprise to me when, on my last visit before Joan got out of bed, they took me aside and told me in low voices that Mike had gone out and got a job.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Both the Fosters had smiles on their faces a mile wide.

"What kind of a job? What's he doing?" I asked.

"Shhh!" Mrs. Foster motioned to the next room. "Joan doesn't know it, as yet. He's sort of a salesman."

"With a music concern," Mr. Foster said. "He goes around and talks to orchestra leaders, singers, promotes their songs."

"A song plugger?" I said. It didn't sound like the thing for Mike. You had to be a glad-hander, aggressive.

"It's the best thing that could have happened to him," Mrs. Foster said. "Mark my words, he'll be a changed man."

A changed man! Truer words have seldom been spoken. Within six months, except for the face, you wouldn't have recognized him as the same person.

Not all of it, I don't say, was due to the job. Part of it, though, a good deal of it, was. It was the kind of job, where, in order to get ahead, you have to curb your better qualities and develop your worst characteristics.

And you've seen what Success—the Great God that everybody bows down to—sometimes does to a man. Especially when it comes too early, too fast. You've seen it take an otherwise nice young fellow and turn him into something that wasn't so nice.

Well, that's what happened to Mike.

He was successful from the very beginning. He knew music; he got to know a lot of musicians. He had personality and good looks—the lean, hungry kind of good looks that, especially with the lady customers, didn't hurt him a bit. And the necessary equipment he didn't have—the persistence, the cynicism, the fast line of talk—he acquired. Without the least bit of trouble.

The first indication I got that everything wasn't the way it used to be came from Joan. She was joking less and less around the office now. That happy glow that once poured out of her, that she was so full of she had to share with others, was gone.

I tried to cheer her up, to say that this would pass, he would come out of it; it was all so new to him that it had gone to his head. I even tried adopting her parents' viewpoint.

"After all, Joan, sooner or later, he had to do *something*."

"He *was* doing something." She was sitting at her drawing-board; now she swung her chair around to me so hard that all the springs squeaked. "He was doing work that he liked to do, that was interesting and, I think, important. What was wrong with that? Just because it wasn't commerical—it didn't pay?"

"Joan, honey, I'm not disagreeing with you. I. . . ."

"I know, Al. I'm sorry." She let go her tight grip on the chair. "It's just that I hate *so* to see this happen. He's such a fine, such a wonderful person. I can't do anything with him. I . . . I can scarcely *talk* to him any more. . . ."

She must be exaggerating, I thought . . . until I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears. I couldn't believe it! This was *Mike*? The nice, quiet, considerate young fellow I used to know?

THE more successful Mike became, as time went on—in direct proportion almost—the worse things became at home. I didn't have to see it; all I had to do was take one look, when she came in in the morning, at Joan.

It was Joan who would remain in the office long after hours now, and it was me who would come in and switch off the lights. I'd drag her out to a restaurant and make her eat.

"What can I do?" Mike said one night when, really scared, I called him at a night spot where his office said he was. His voice was a little thick on the phone and I could hardly hear him over the noise and music. "She won't listen to me."

"Mike. . . ." I started, but he gave kind of a little snigger.

"Why don't you console her?" he said.

"Mike. . . ." I stood there holding the receiver. I couldn't think of an answer. I was talking to someone I no longer knew.

Soon after, I lost contact with Joan. I went to a big store in the Midlands. It was some time before I made my first trip to London. I didn't find out much. Joan had given up her job at the store. She had given up the Chelsea flat and left town. Nobody—her friends, her people, nobody—knew where.

"And what's more," Mike said, when I called him at his town flat, "I can't say I care."

In over two years, I didn't hear a single thing more. . . .

The first act ended. Intermission. Lights. I excused myself and hurried down to where the Fosters were sitting. The people next to them got up to go out to the foyer, and I sat down beside them.

They seemed very glad to see me. They said hallo and how are you?

"How's Joan?" I said.

They looked at each other, their expression changing, and all of a sudden I found it a little hard to speak. "She . . . ? You've heard from her?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Foster said. "That's right, you lost touch. Joan got a divorce from Mike."

"Oh." I'd expected it, but in a way it was a letdown. Somehow—foolishly—I'd been hoping against hope.

"He was no good, that boy," Mr. Foster said. For the first time I saw his nice, friendly face hard and angry. "I don't like to say I told you so, but facts are facts. He was absolutely no good. From the very first."

Joan, the Fosters said, and they didn't to have to tell me, had a bad time of it.

Then somehow—they didn't know how—she managed to pull herself together. She went Paris, and was now working again.

"And another thing. You'll never guess."

"Joan is married again."

"What, that . . . that's *marvellous*!" I said, feeling marvellous. "That's the best thing that could have happened."

His name was Anthony Powys; they knew very little about him. Joan had met him in an art gallery, of all places, and they were married inside of six weeks. "Six weeks . . . she's so impetuous," they said. "We wrote and pleaded with her . . . no harm waiting. . . ."

Mr. Foster got out his wallet and handed me a picture Joan had sent. "Anthony Powys, he's a sculptor. Does those cra . . . modern things, they call them, with plastics and wires and such. Ever hear of him?"

I shook my head. The snapshot showed Joan and a young man leaning on a rail. One glance at Joan was enough. Her pale thin face was alive and shining; it was pressed tight against the boy's.

"You wouldn't have heard, I suppose," Mr. Foster said. "From what I've learned, he's never sold a thing."

I was looking at the young man. At the long narrow face and hollow cheeks. At the big serious eyes.

"He reminds you a little of . . . the way Mike used to look, doesn't he?" Mrs. Foster said. "The same type."

"The same type, is right," Mr. Foster said, and, all of a sudden, I could feel myself going cold. They were looking at each other again, in that way that they had.

"We'd like to ask your opinion about something," Mrs. Foster said. "We're planning a little trip soon to France and . . ."

The warning buzzer sounded and people started going back to their seats. All of a sudden I wanted to go, too. But they were talking fast now, both at once.

Frankly, they were a little worried, they said. Joan was married a year now, and they hadn't as yet met their new son-in-law. When they asked for a little information about her husband, normal questions, she was evasive. Just kept saying they were very happy.

"Naturally, we're quite concerned," said Mr. Foster. "I made a few inquiries. It's just as we suspected. He isn't earning anything."

". . . It's the same story all over again. . . ."

". . . since I'm going to Paris, *anyway* . . . or fairly near . . . there. . . ."

"A surprise visit," they said. "What do you think?"

What did I think? My hands, I found, as I pushed myself up, were shaking a little. I wanted to shout at them, "*No! Don't go! Don't go near them!*" as loud as I could.

They must have read my answer in my face. And Mrs. Foster said what I knew she was going to say.

"We're thinking only of Joan."

"Yes" I said, and I meant it. "Yes, I know you are." *I'll write to her*, I was thinking.

Knowing I was going to give away their secret, I felt a little guilty, as I said goodbye to the Fosters. But then I remembered those two glowing faces in the snapshot, and I didn't feel guilty any more.

The Fosters turned and smiled at me, as I started up the aisle. Seeing them there, with their round kindly faces, with their grey hair and glasses, you would have taken them for a nice average middle-aged couple. Typical middle-class parents, you might have thought.

And the funny part—the sad part, I should say—is that, if you thought that, you wouldn't be so very far wrong.

END

screwed to the door holds a strawberry "chip" basket of cleaning materials and at the bottom of the door I fixed a kitchen garbage can with a foot-operated lid. That takes dust and rubbish.

There is no need to carry the can downstairs for emptying, of course. One of those light-weight plastic pails hangs from a hook in the ceiling. . . . Cupboards are such an obvious boon, but it does occur to me that all ours are dark. I like cupboards that light up automatically when the door is opened. Not a very difficult job to arrange and one I would like to do myself—but must content myself with getting our electrician to come along and give us an estimate.

**Sunday.**—Whacked. Sleep, nearly all day!

**Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.**—My wife's "office" takes shape. The desk itself is a piece of thick plywood cut to shape—an expensive way of doing it, but it does mean a one-piece top. It is bolted to the underside of the sink fitment at one end and also rests on a narrow cupboard below which holds correspondence, etc. (See sketch.)

**Thursday.**—Decided I've caused my wife so much trouble, a kitchen present is indicated. Plump for one of the new automatic electric cookers with a timing gadget that enables you to set the thing to switch on at a certain time and off again after a pre-determined period: so that a meal can be cooking while you are out and be ready at the time you arrive home. We chose one that has a fluorescent light over the top giving light where it is wanted most—on the hotplate.

**Friday.**—Horrified to observe the state of some of our electrical fitments, but decide this can be tackled by the professional. And why not a point for an electric kettle upstairs as well as in the kitchen?

**p.m.**—Work out how much it has all cost. Ignoring the cooker and the work the electrician is going to do, my fortnight's "gadgetry" appears to have cost about £15, including the sink fitment.

**Saturday.**—Late down I confess, to meet my wife by the "cupboard under the stairs." She on hands and knees, was endeavouring to drag something out from under a welter of old clothes, a doll's pram and hockey sticks. My wife is searching for a favourite broom. . . .

END

# To Knit On The Cross

(*Continued from page* 45)

**SHOULDER SHAPING**

Cast off 3 sts. and 4 sts. alternately at beg. of k. rows, continuing sleeve shaping as already described until all sts. are cast off.

**FRONT**

Work as for back.

**WELT**

With No. 14 needles and grey wool, and right side of work facing, pick up 140 sts. evenly along the bottom.

**1st row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end of row, k. last st.

**2nd row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end; k. last st. and k. into back of all k. sts., except end sts.

Work 55 rows, cast off loosely in rib on wrong side.

Work ribbing on back as described.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press each piece lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth with fairly hot iron. Sew shoulder seams. Now work cuffs as follows:

**CUFFS**

With wrong side of work facing and No. 14 needles and grey wool, pick up 180 sts. along sleeve edges and work in rib as described for welts, for 18 rows. Cast off loosely in rib. Sew up side seams.

**COLLARS**

With No. 14 needles and grey wool, cast on 126 sts. and work in rib, as for welts, for 18 rows.

Cast off loosely, in rib on wrong side. Work another to match.

Press lightly and sew to wrong sides of neck edges, turn over and press. Also turn back cuffs and press.

END

# Casual Comfort

(*Continued from page* 44)

Using the No. 13 needles and white wool, and with right side of fabric facing, pick up and knit 172 sts. along right front, from beginning of work to cast off sts. at neck.

Work 7 rows in k. 2, p. 2 rib, increasing *at neck end of work* on every other row (175 sts.).

**8th row.**—Rib 5, cast off 3 sts., (rib next 14 sts., cast off 3) 9 times, rib to end.

Work 7 more rows in rib, continuing with the increase on every other row at neck edge, and casting on 3 sts. over the cast off ones, on 9th row. Cast off, in rib.

Work a similar strip along left side of front, omitting buttonholes. Remember to increase at neck end, on every other row.

**NECKBAND**

Right side of work facing, and with No. 13 needles and white wool, pick up and knit 34 sts. from right front to shoulder seam, 34 sts. across back, and 34 sts. to left front (102 sts.). Work 15 rows in k. 2, p. 2 rib, increasing at both ends of every other row. Cast off, in rib.

**TO MAKE UP**

Oversew the contrasting ribs at top of right and left fronts to back rib. Sew the sleeves in, with a back st. Press these seams. Lightly press the front ribbed borders to correct size. Join sleeve and side seams, press. Sew on buttons, matching buttonholes.

END

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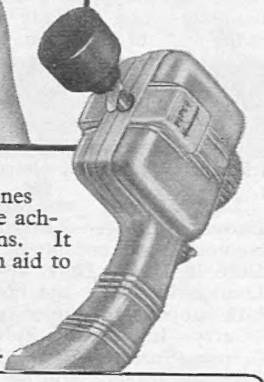

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London England

# Talking Of Books (*Continued from page 36*)

world"? Didn't she say of her off-stage wail as *Medea* mourning her murdered children, "I mustn't wail too loud. They can't see me, and they think it's a siren"? Charles Landstone, who joined the exiled Old Vic at Burnley in 1940, chronicles all that pioneer effort, his general-managership of the Bristol Old Vic, his years as Associate Drama Director of the Arts Council, in **"Off-Stage"** (Elek, 18s.)—and the beneficial nuisance he sometimes made himself, fighting for ideals, principles. A bracing, inspiring inside story, not without its humours.

The mother of the gifted Gielgud brothers, John and Val, loved the theatre but never wanted to act in it, unlike most of her family. Her autobiography, **"Kate Terry Gielgud"** (Reinhardt, 21s.) revives warm memories of aunts Marion and Ellen Terry and Irving, of the travelling days when "no one carried a handbag since no lady smoked, nor used make-up," of Campden Hill when it was a village, and of the smart carriage parade in Hyde Park where "ladies bowed to one another under gay parasols." She wrote it in gratitude for "the countless blessings and privileges I have enjoyed," which indicates its courtly, nostalgic charm.

Lady Galway, who at nineteen married Baron Raphael d'Erlanger, has theatre memories, too, notably of Bernhardt and the Duse in Paris. Hers, also, was an opulent London in which one hostess would match talk subjects to dinner party menus, thus: "Curry—India; Irish Stew—Irish Question; Crêpes Suzette—Paris Exhibition; Fruit Salad—Various," and an old lady of eighty might be seen bobbing up and down behind her dining-room windows, doing her daily dozen on a mechanical horse! Marie Carola Galway's **"The Past Revisited"** (Harvill Press, 18s.) is mainly an evocation of the eminent, well-bred and well-fed, with vignettes of travel and a vivid account of the 1897 Paris fire at the *Bazar de la Charité*, whose victims included the Duchesse d'Alençon, standing under a window pushing terrified women out until the flames engulfed her.

Eileen Bigland, admirable biographer of Ouida, Marie Corelli, George Borrow, has a sympathetic subject in **"The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope"** (Barrie, 15s.). What a woman! A failing, ailing husband, five children including future author Anthony, an ambitious farming venture to flout the wolf at the door, then a gallivant to U.S.A. with three of her brood, fame and funds at last with her *Domestic Manners Of The Americans*, and after the age of fifty, 114 more travel books and novels. Prodigious! I can't imagine a woman living who won't read her vital story with exclamatory absorption.

After which it seems a betrayal to descend to Bernard O'Donnell's **"The World's Worst Women"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.). They include twentieth-century impostors, crooks, murderers, starring Mrs. Belle Gunness who lured over twenty moneyed suitors to her Indiana farm, drugged, axed and dismembered them, then was herself decapitated and burnt, presumably by an incensed lover; Rumanian Vera Renczi, who arseniced two husbands, a son, and thirty-two lovers because "I could not bear to think that they might love another woman" and zinc-coffined them all in a vault where she would sit in an easy chair gloating over their fate. Nice goings-on, I must say, but thrillful, gaspish to read about after those decorous Vic-Edwardian ladies. Ah, cruel Woman! No wonder I couldn't stand that menacing Ermyntrude. . . .

What a fine, clear, vital style distinguishes Margery Sharp's novels! Because the theme of **"The Gipsy In The Parlour"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is akin to that of L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*, skybrow critics have compared her unfavourably, but she stands in her own right as a first-rate storyteller. The Gipsy is a little dark Plymouth milliner who comes to a robust Devon farming family to marry the one remaining bachelor brother but entices his young nephew instead. The family, ruled by his mother, Charlotte, is as solid as clotted cream, and Fanny's schemes to sour it are happily foiled. I felt I had lived in that farmhouse and knew its inmates as I know my closest friends.

Some readers revel in minute detail. They will find plenty in Henry Williamson's **"Young Philip Maddison"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), a most painstaking portrait of a scholarship boy growing up in gaslit London suburb and Surrey countryside: his calf-loves, friendships, fights, Scouting and first music hall when Gertie Gitana topped the bill. The countless small authentic touches make it real, as if it were autobiographical.

Gilbert Frankau had lost none of his gusto—nor his occasional slipshod lapses, for that matter—when he wrote **"Unborn Tomorrow"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.) in which the hero, in a hunting fall, is concussed into A.D. 4952 when Europe has reverted to monarchies, the U.S.A. is divided between two hereditary presidents, and Britain into tetrarchies and dyarchies under the Sovereign! A love romance lightens this shape of things—we trust—*not* to come.

Is there a social set-up peculiar to seaside towns where residents play bridge, gossip in bars and peer out of windows? Laura Talbot hits it off cleverly in **"Barcelona Road"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), stressing the undercurrent of *affaires* which land people like amorous dentist Rodney and Lady Lilah, wife of a columnist, in dramatic jams. Miss Talbot has a lively comedy touch, a sly slant on character.

What happens when a clergyman's fiancée believed lost in a shipwreck off the Australian coast, is found living among Gippsland natives and comes back from the dead after six years, radically changed? Will he want her, now that he is loved by another? Will she want him, or prefer renunciation and a new life and love? Helen Heney—**"Dark Moon"** (Angus & Robertson, 10s. 6d.)—makes tense psychological drama of the situation in yet another good tale from "down under."

And why did three successive fiancés of Tracy Lawrence meet, in turn, sudden deaths before they could marry? John Holland, the fourth man in love with her, finds out in George Harmon Coxe's **"The Frightened Fiancée"** (Hammond, Hammond, 9s. 6d.), a slick U.S. whodunit which shows the strange things that can happen between woman and woman over men.

Two notable "historicals": Jean Plaidy again exercises her vivid talent for period in **"The Sixth Wife"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), the romantic story of Henry VIII's Katherine Parr. Mima Robertson's **"The Castillian"** (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.) is the colourful sixteenth-century tale of the adventurous William Kirkaldy of Grange whose fealty to the exiled Mary inspired his desperate stand at Edinburgh Castle in 1573.

Non-fiction for February includes:

**"Modern Miss"** (Naldrett Press, 10s. 6d.), a charming book for the growing-up girl.

**"Earls Court,"** by Claude Langdon (Stanley Paul, 15s.)

The autobiography of Britain's most adventurous showman, and the many entertainment successes he has handled.

**"Life In Cambridge,"** by Louis T. Stanley (Hutchinson, 21s.)

A witty and gay account of the multifarious life and interests of Cambridge, with all its preferences and prejudices.

**"101 Ideas For Flower Arrangement,"** by Julia Clements (Pearson, 21s.)

A clear and concise approach to the art of flower arrangement, both for the home and for exhibition and show work.

**"Animals In Africa,"** text by L. S. B. Leakey with photographs by Ylla (Harvill, 30s.)

Two experts in their respective fields present African wild-life in its natural habitat.

**"The Adventure Of British Furniture,"** by David Joel (Ernest Benn, 63s.)

A survey of progress in the design of British furniture during the past hundred years, fully illustrated.

And these:

**"Round The World With Galathea,"** by Hakon Mielche (Hodge, 15s.). **"Lady Be Loved!"** by Lelord Kordel (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.). **"The Talisman Italian Cook Book,"** by Ada Boni (W. H. Allen, 15s.). **"Cockney Cats,"** by Warren Tute and Felix Fonteyn (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.).

END

# Dress To Your Hat (*Continued from page 27*)

now. . . . What will the colour go with?)

I had an idea that in order to launch into coloured hats, one must be able to buy quite a number, but Mr. Beresford quickly showed me how wrong I was:

"On the contrary, a matching hat may be good if you are very rich and can have one to go with each outfit. But if, for instance, you have a black suit and can only afford one hat, it would be silly to buy a black one—why not a very gay, very bright yellow, green, or blue, which would go with black, navy, or brown?" I looked across at the beautiful jewel colours in his own collection and saw how right he was.

Asked about other accessories, he warned against too much jewellery, for it would detract from the hat.

Widely travelled Otto Lucas, who has looked at women in hats in all the principal capitals of the world, believes that British women are second to none in their good taste—high praise indeed.

He had recently returned from America and summed up the fundamental difference between the women of the New World and those of Europe:

"In America a woman wants to look pretty; she will probably marry at twenty-two, and aim to look that way until she is seventy: in Europe *style* is the aim: a woman wants to look elegantly her age."

In accessories, Mr. Lucas prefers the gloves to match the hat, or else to be in pure white: necklines should take their cue from the hat: décolleté with a large plain hat; high with a very small hat.

"Your new hat will be worn straight this summer," he said, "and slightly forward in appearance, but not too much.

Aage Thaarup loves the kingfisher blue of his exquisite little hat shown on page 27 for it is such a *romantic* colour. A hat can have the power of magic—it can transform a woman.

"I know several Frenchwomen who will buy their dress afterwards, and even dye their hair to match. But in this country also, there is an increasing number of women who love hats and do dress to them. The hat should set the key for the cut of the neckline, accessories, and colouring—that is very important: the colour *must* be flattering. I always look at the colour of the skin, and especially of the eyes."

Mr. Thaarup feels that dressing to the hat is all the more important in Britain because people of taste can rarely buy as many hats as before the war, and hats are inclined to be expensive because of purchase tax. To suit present-day life, therefore, hats should be made complementary to several outfits.

Mr. Thaarup's last words to me were: "Don't forget—it must be *romantic*."

END

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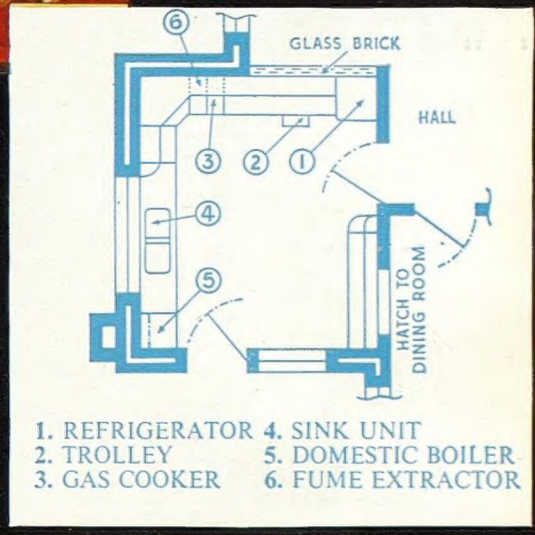


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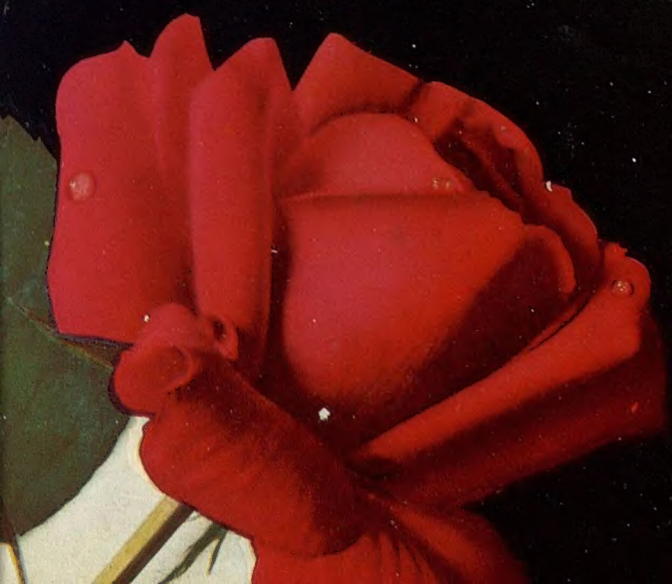

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